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Children's Newspaper, June 9, 1928

The Next C.N. Monthly Should Be Ordered Now—Ask for My Magazine

The Children's Newspaper

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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WHY NOT BURY AUNT SALLY?

See Page Six

A PROUD CHALLENGE FROM AUSTRALIA

IT CAN BE SUSTAINED

What One-Man-Power Can Do on the Land

WORKING DAY AND NIGHT

We published not long ago what we described as a proud challenge from Western Australia, reading: "In no other part of the world does human efficiency attain such proportions as in Western Australia, where one man will plough, seed, and harvest 300 acres of wheat entirely by himself." We asked whether that challenge could be sustained.

Mr. St. Clare Grondona, a well-known Australian author, sends us these notes.

One man driving fourteen horses can control a ten-furrow plough, which in loose soil will turn over ten acres a day. He rides on the plough, and all adjusting apparatus is within easy reach of his hand. When harrowing, as many as fourteen horses are driven abreast; and one man has actually harrowed a hundred acres between daylight and dark. Other agricultural work is carried out with similar labour-saving devices.

An Australian Invention

The sowing is done by horse-drawn drills, and the artificial fertiliser is run through the drill with the wheat. The efficient farmer sows his wheat with a combined cultivator and seed drill.

At harvest the grain is gathered by a huge machine known as a combination header harvester, an Australian invention. Only the ears are cut off the standing wheat by a contrivance stretching out from six to twelve feet into the crop. The grain, with its mixture of husks, is conveyed to the winnowing and cleaning drums which form part of the vehicle. The husks are broadcast, and the grain, then ready for market, falls into a tank, from which it is either poured into bags or handled in bulk. In New South Wales last year one man took off 300 bags of wheat in a day; and 300 bags of wheat would be sufficient to make 10,000 four-pound loaves.

One man can harvest 25 acres a day, so that he could take off the grain from a three-hundred-acre crop single-handed in a fortnight. The straw is afterwards burned off.

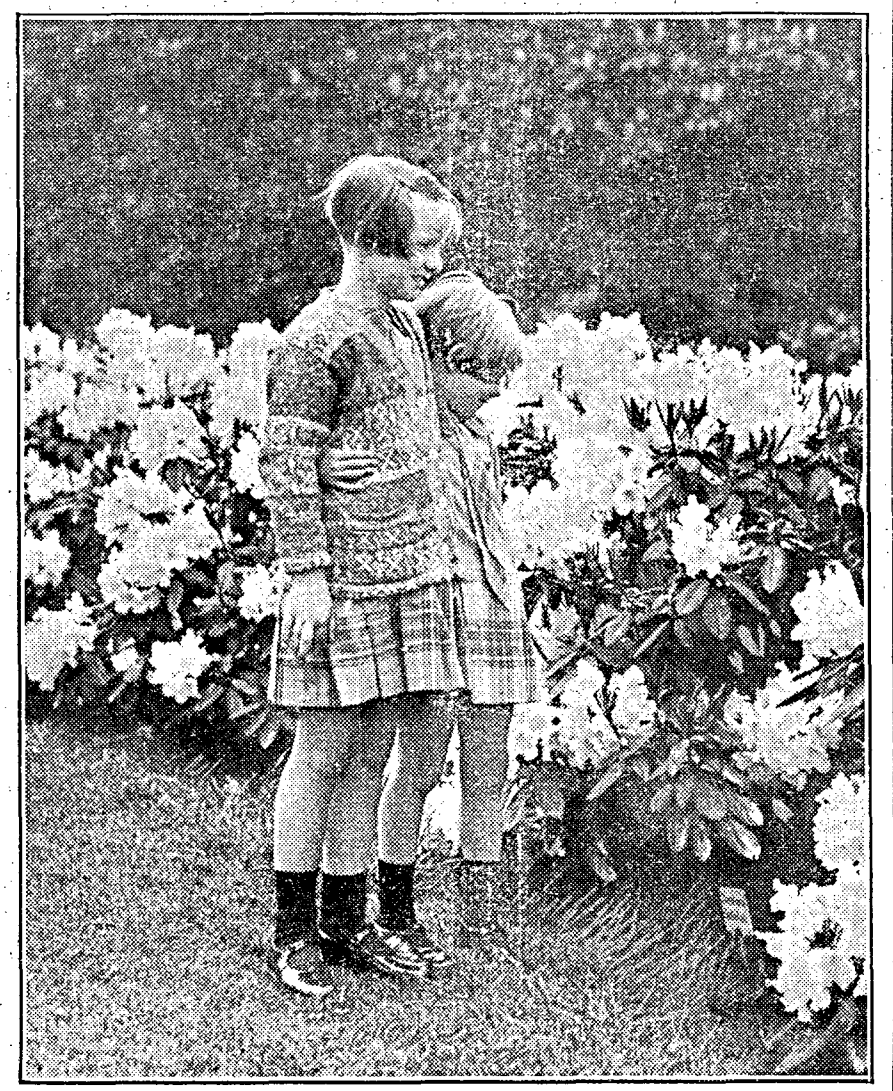
Room for Expansion

On very large farms work is often carried on through the night, motor head-lamps being used. Three shifts of horses and men are then engaged.

But Western Australians must not claim that this amount of work can be done only in that State. Similar acreages are ploughed and harvested in the mallee districts of Victoria, New South Wales, and South Australia.

There are 200 million acres of wheat-growing land in Australia, though not more than 13 million acres have yet been cropped in any one year. There is, therefore, room for expansion in this wonderful industry. *Picture on page 12*

The Flowers of Kew



The Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew have perhaps the finest collection of plants in the world, consisting of more than 24,000 species and varieties. Here we see two little visitors admiring the rhododendron blooms, which form a wonderful sight in springtime.

PETER PAN SORROWFUL

EVERYBODY has been very sorry to hear of the death of Sir George Frampton, sculptor. He would have been 68 in another month, but that was far too soon for him to die.

He has won a peculiar place in the affections of English people and above all of boys and girls, who feel that any sculptor can carve queens and heroes, but only one has made Peter Pan.

There is no fear that he may be forgotten. Peter will remind us. Peter is there for ever. A copy of him is in Brussels and another at St. John's, Newfoundland; another is to be unveiled in Sefton Park in Liverpool this month. So that there are now at least four Peter Pans in the world.

Sir George looked on Peter Pan as the favourite child in his family of sculpture. He thought of him a great deal. Just before he died he had planned a new paving for the base of the group. He lived all his life close to beautiful thoughts and romantic ideas, depending more on originality than on technical skill because he believed that individuality and a sense of beauty are more essential than technical skill to great art. It would be a long walk round London that could take in all Sir George Frampton has made for it. (We should not look very long at the Nurse Cavell monument, for that is one of Sir George's rare and serious mistakes.)

He did many portrait statues and some very fine decorative work, such as the lions at the entrance to the British Museum extension, the sculpture on the exterior of Lloyd's, the entrance to Electra House in Moorgate Street, the spandrels at the entrance to the Victoria and Albert Museum.

One of his most beautiful statues is of Dame Alice Owen, the founder of the Owen's School at Islington.

Few English sculptors were so much honoured abroad as he was. He was a member of the Royal Academy of Milan, and was the first foreign sculptor to be made a member of the Royal Academy of Antwerp. He had been associated with our own Academy for a generation. His friends in the R.A. who survive him know that one of the most beloved of English sculptors has passed away and left a gap which will not easily be filled. *Picture on page 7*

POOR PONGO

Tale of a Broken Friendship

THE PUGILISTS OF REGENT'S PARK

By Our Zoo Correspondent

One of the strange friendships at the Zoo has come to a sudden end, for Pongo, the little orang-utan, has had a serious fight with his tree kangaroo.

These two playmates had a slight quarrel some weeks ago and ever since the kangaroo has bullied the ape. Yet the ape, though terrified of his companion, was still devoted to him.

One day, however, the kangaroo felt particularly irritable, and while Pongo was nursing him he suddenly turned on the orang-utan and scratched him viciously on the ear. Pongo released his friend and backed into a corner of the cage, but the kangaroo was determined to make himself unpleasant, so he renewed the attack.

A Furious Battle

A furious battle raged for a time, but poor Pongo proved no match for the sharp claws of the kangaroo, and after a few minutes he was holding up his arms to protect his face and crying for mercy. Hearing the noise the keeper went to separate them, and the orang-utan, who usually refuses to let either keepers or visitors handle him, jumped into the man's arms for protection and refused to get down until he saw that the kangaroo had gone.

The kangaroo was banished from the Monkey House for ever, and his miserable playmate nursed his wounds with a sorrowful expression in his eyes. He had lost his companion, and was left with bruises and no one to console him expect two young baboons, for whom he has no liking.

The Biter Bit

The Zoo has also been the scene of another fight. These pugilists were two mongooses, and they fought simply because one of them is a vicious creature who likes to torment his companions. This time, however, he suffered a defeat, the first he has had, for after he had bitten his housemate's ear the victim became angry and injured the aggressor so severely that he had to retire. Both the mongooses were so wounded that they had to be taken to hospital. There the vicious animal saw his victor, and, fearing another battle, leaped out of the keeper's arms and bolted. He was caught again without much trouble, but not before he had made several attempts to bite his pursuers in the hope of regaining his reputation as a fighter.

BETTER THAN ICE

Solid carbon dioxide is now used in America for cold storage purposes, and is more effective than water-ice. As it slowly evaporates the carbon-dioxide gas collects round the objects to be kept cool, and, being a non-conductor of heat, prevents heat from reaching them.

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TWO WALKS IN THE CAPITAL

WHAT YOU WOULD SEE

The Duke of York on the Streets of London Town

WEST AND EAST

The Duke of York has been speaking to the architects at the annual dinner of the British Institute, and we take these passages from a fine and vivid speech.

Imagine yourself taking two walks in London. On the first day walk down from Marble Arch beside Park Lane, not raising your eyes too high at any particular point! Pass Apsley House and the Hyde Park Corner gates, look down the vista of Piccadilly, and get a glimpse of the new work at the Circus and of Piccadilly.

Then walk down St. James's Street with St. James's Palace facing you; then, turning east along Pall Mall, down the steps to get the panorama of the Horse Guards, the Foreign Office, the India Office, and the rest, pass through into Whitehall with its noble fragment of Inigo Jones, and so through to the Abbey and Barry's Houses of Parliament.

A Treasure of History and Art

Then on to the Embankment and look at the County Hall, Shaw's Scotland Yard, Chambers's Somerset House, and Wren's St. Paul's. Now stop and ask yourself what that walk has meant to you and what a treasure of history, of art, of national character, you have been reviewing.

You will be a Philistine indeed if you have not been thrilled by that glimpse of our national gallery of architecture; if you have not begun to realise that, of all the arts of every sort, the art of architecture is the one art of supreme importance in our national life.

Next day take another walk. Go to the Elephant and Castle. Walk three miles eastward and south-eastward. Your exact direction doesn't matter; just go ahead for an hour through the streets in front of you.

A Wilderness of Desolation

When you have made that pilgrimage stop and reflect a moment on the wilderness of desolation through which you have passed, through the miles of squalid, vulgar, ugly, shoddy stuff, without one scrap of beauty or brightness, one touch of imagination.

Think of the waste of opportunity that those miles of mean streets imply. Think of the effect they must have on the lives, on the imagination, on the outlook of those who are doomed to spend their days in such dreary surroundings.

The Royal Institute of British Architects stands for the art which is fighting against all this mass of dullness and ugliness.

LIKE A SPLENDOUR OF THE SKY

One More Angel Leaves the World

A lady who married the son of an old friend of Queen Victoria has died in Cornwall. She is Mrs. William MacLeod.

Thousands of soldiers knew her in the war, but it is for her lifelong charm and kindliness, rather than for any special work, that she will be remembered. She was, says a friend, "one of those radiant, devoted, self-forgetful, meteoric personalities that cross the sky of our experience with a marvellous splendour, whose coming is like the morning, and whose going seems to involve a whole horizon in night."

It is a noble tribute, and the friend adds that Mrs. MacLeod was "fed and nourished from those secret wells of Christian faith and love which sustained and inspired her through life and kept her in unclouded peace and steadfast courage to the end."

A LITTLE SCRAP OF PAPER

Worth Quarter of a Mile of Treasury Notes

LEONARDO'S HORSE

The little pieces of paper the little readers of the C.N. like most are probably Treasury Notes.

We have just heard of a piece of paper not as big as a pound note which was worth a quarter of a mile of Ten-Shilling Notes. It is the study of a horse, a pen-and-ink drawing measuring five inches by three inches, by Leonardo da Vinci.

This scrap of paper, out of the Holford Collection, was sold in London the other day for £2500.

If it had been the work of anyone but Leonardo we should have said this was preposterous, a collector's folly; but anything of Leonardo's is worth as much money as a lover of art will lay down for it, for two reasons. He was one of the rarest geniuses of the world, and combined in his marvellous intelligence and creative gifts all the wonder of the Renaissance.

Seventeen Years to Make a Statue

That is one reason. The other is that he was a man of terrific industry who left very few traces of his work behind him. Turner is at one end of the scale, with his endless sketches bequeathed to the nation; Leonardo is at the other with a few precious scraps of paper resting in the great collections of the world.

It is probable that this drawing of a horse was one of the numberless studies made for the famous equestrian statue of Franceso Sforza. Leonardo worked on this statue for seventeen years, and if he had worked another seventeen he would still have been dissatisfied. A model of the horse was set up in 1493.

The archers of Louis the Twelfth could think of nothing better than to destroy it with their arrows, and no one has yet found a copy of it, so that any drawing of a horse by Leonardo has a historic and artistic value beyond price.

MR. HALKETT CALLS ON AN OLD LADY

This Kind World Again

HAPPINESS IN ONE ROOM

Twice Eliza Baisden met Mr. Hay Halkett, the Marylebone magistrate.

The first time she was trembling with fright. She is 80, and has 13s. 6d. a week to live on; and somehow she had got behind with the rent. It has been so cold, and coal costs so much; but if only they would give her time to pay, and would not evict her from her little one-room home, she would pay off her debt bit by bit.

The landlord's agent said that she had never been behind with the rent before, and that she kept the room beautifully clean. So the magistrate heard her plea, and the reporters put her little story in the papers.

A few days later Mr. Halkett and Eliza Baisden met again. He visited her in her little room and told her wonderful news. Someone was going to pay her rent as long as she lived, and strangers had sent her £330. It was as if she had come into a fortune, for her wants are simple, and she has enough to make her comfortable all her days.

Mr. Halkett suggested that she should take a seaside holiday. But Eliza Baisden refused to leave her One Room. After all, it is Home, and she loves it more than many a duke loves his ancestral palace.

All is well that ends well. It was a terrible day when she dressed with trembling fingers and blurred eyes for her ordeal in court; yet but for that day she would never have become prosperous or learned how many generous people there are in the world.

THE LAST OF A NOBLE BAND

A Link with Livingstone's World

OLD LADY OF 98

An old lady who was ninety-eight, has just died in Fulham.

She was the widow of William Ashton, who was born in 1817, two years after Waterloo, in the Lancashire town of Ashton-under-Lyne. But he was not to spend his days in Lancashire.

A missionary who had returned home for a brief visit needed helpers; he had left a certain David Livingstone in his station, but was glad to take with him another recruit; so with this missionary, whose name was Robert Moffat, William sailed away.

Arriving at Kuruman he took charge of the day school, while Moffat's daughter Mary assisted in the Infant Department. This Mary became the wife of David Livingstone.

For 54 years William Ashton taught and lived for the Bechuana people. He was never famous like Robert Moffat and Livingstone; but he bore his part bravely in the same adventure. He gave much of his time to the printing-press. It was only a press worked by hand, and Ashton had only the Africans, not even well trained, to help him.

Printing Under Difficulties

"On one occasion," he said, "I had to take a lad out of my garden to roll the ink. He had never in his life had a roller in his hand, and you will not therefore be surprised that my printing is not perfect. Of course, I have all my own rollers to make, and in winter, with frost every night, and having no stove, I have had great difficulty in keeping them and the ink sufficiently soft for working. I have burned loads of charcoal in open fire-grates, which were placed sometimes under the ink-table and at other times under the press to warm the type, to prevent the ink sticking and tearing the paper."

Now the old lady who shared the closing years of his life has passed away, the last of a very noble band.

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE HEDGE

And the Right Side of the Law

Once a highway always a highway is an old legal maxim.

In Warwickshire, when the route of the highways was first decided on, their width was also determined, and it stands on record. The county surveyor has been comparing these records with the ordnance surveys of the present day, and has made the discovery that a great deal of land which was once highway is highway no longer, having been appropriated by landowners. Now it is being quietly but firmly taken back into the highways.

When the railways came and the highways decayed the wide spaces on either side of the central macadam road seemed sheer waste to the thrifty occupiers beyond them, and no doubt they thought they were harming nobody by enclosing them.

But modern traffic requires broad highways, and if the extra land has to be bought the process is a costly one. The Warwickshire surveyor has found a better way. Naturally there were protests, but the dispossessed owners soon found that they were not only on the wrong side of the hedge, but on the wrong side of the law.

Some 15,000 square yards of land have already been reclaimed in this way on a single highway out of Kenilworth. Most of it consists of garden frontages, and these have had to be set back from ten to fifteen feet. No doubt the new movement will quickly spread; it is arousing great interest in the offices of many other county surveyors.

OUTLAWING WAR

The English-Speaking World Agreed

BEGINNING OF THE GREAT PEACE

The British Government will support the American Government's proposal for an anti-war treaty "to the utmost of their power."

That is the considered reply of the Government to the proposals Mr. Kellogg, the American Secretary of State, has addressed to Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and Japan. The proposal was that these countries should condemn "recourse to war for the solution of international controversy and renounce it as an instrument of national policy," and that they should agree that the settlement of disputes shall never be sought except by peaceful means.

The Wishes of the People

It is certain that in promising the utmost support to these proposals the Government is voicing the wishes of all our people.

The only difficulty has been as to whether such an agreement conflicts in any way with the promises of mutual help in self-defence given and taken in the League Covenant and the Locarno Treaty. France, fearing it might be held to do so, proposed changes in the wording of the agreement to meet the difficulty. But these changes were so elaborate as to turn a strong declaration into a weak one, and Sir Austen Chamberlain has been trying to find a way out of the difficulty which would be acceptable to France without spoiling the American scheme.

Mr. Kellogg himself has agreed that every country has the right to fight in self-defence, and that if one country signing the new Treaty broke it by going to war all the other signatories would be freed from their promise to that country. Sir Austen thinks that if that is understood the wording of the agreement may be left as it stands, though this interpretation of it should be put on record.

Britain's Reservation

One reservation is made by Britain on her own behalf. As the United States, under what is called the Monroe Doctrine, would resist any European interference in Central and South America, so Britain would resist any attack on certain regions of the world whose safety and welfare are vital to the safety of the Empire. Egypt and the Suez Canal are an instance of this.

Sir Austen Chamberlain announces that the Dominions and India are in cordial agreement with the principles of the Treaty, and will accept an invitation to take part in it.

THINGS SAID

'I have never read a book.

Mr. George Roberts

Greyhound racing is throwing the children's bread to the dogs.

Rev. James Barr, M.P.

The discoveries of science have made this world hardly worth living in.

Lord Darling

More spectacles are worn in Britain than anywhere else in Europe.

Mr. Owen Aves

I cannot remember having spent a day in bed in my life.

The Archbishop of Canterbury

The Ten Plagues were nothing to the spasmodic movements that have shaken art this century. *Sir Reginald Blomfield*

The curse of the age is that youth is not ready to go through the humdrum process of learning business.

Judge Woodcock

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CHERRY RIPE

A LITTLE MORE FAME FOR THE ORCHARD TREE

The Danger That is Threatening It From a Foreign Fly

SCIENCE AND FRUIT

There is an immortal poem, eight lines long, called Cherry Ripe, which has been sung for nearly three centuries wherever English is spoken. There is a picture by Millais called Cherry Ripe, known and loved in reproductions in palace and cottage, in the London slum and in the lonely shack of pioneers on the fringes of civilisation. As if all this were not fame enough for the cherry we now have a Government Order dealing solely with the same fruit.

There are no other cherries to equal English cherries, which, like our apples, pears, plums, grapes, and tomatoes, are the best in the world of their several kinds; but warmer lands have earlier fruiting seasons than ours, so we have to import from France and Italy, and there lies the trouble.

Why the Law Steps In

French and Italian cherry orchards, like others in Europe, have a pest, a deadly fly, which has not yet reached us. The fly becomes a danger by June 12 in Central France, and nine days later in Northern France, while it is a peril in Italy by June 14. Therefore, after those dates the areas affected will not be allowed to send their cherries into England lest their insect pest accompany the cherries and carry devastation to our orchards.

So the law steps in today where fruiterers, if they take up Herrick's lovely song, chant with the melodious parson:

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe I cry!
Full and fair ones, come and buy,

and will ask, as the poet did, "where they do grow?" Neither they nor we can rest content with the poet's dainty fancy that

Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There's the land, or Cherry Isle.

Over a Hundred Species

No; business as well as beauty comes into the story of the cherry, and learned questionings have made the fruit declare the mystery of its rise and reign in our lovely orchards.

Over a hundred species of wild cherry are known to botanists, but only two have had the honour of entering into partnership with the rest of our cultivated fruits. One, the Prunus cerasus, has given rise to the Morello, and the rest of the sour cherries that we use for pies and conserves. The other, Prunus avium, is the ancestor of all the sweet cherries, black, red, and white, small, medium, and large.

Apparently South-West Asia merits credit for the evolution of the sour cherry, and Asia Minor for the sweet cherry. Both kinds travelled in Europe under man's care, and they are still to be found in many temperate parts in the wild, unimproved condition.

Morello and Whiteheart

A cherry is a cherry the world over, we may say, but Asia gave us both sorts, and gave them so unlike that the microscope reveals a distinct difference in the structure of the two sorts.

Thus a lecturer to the British Association on the subject has found that, whereas the nucleus of the cell in a sour cherry has 32 chromosomes, that of the sweet cherry has only 16, and so it is that we get for our money more chromosomes in the Morello, but with fewer chromosomes we have more sweet and luscious delight in the Whiteheart.

The Morello would never have moved a poet to melody, but the sweet ones made him sing a song for all time, and we must let no foreign fly corrupt it.

PICTURES WORTH A FORTUNE



Girl Lifting Her Veil, by Murillo—£5880



Portrait of Cécile Vollage, by Greuze—£1890



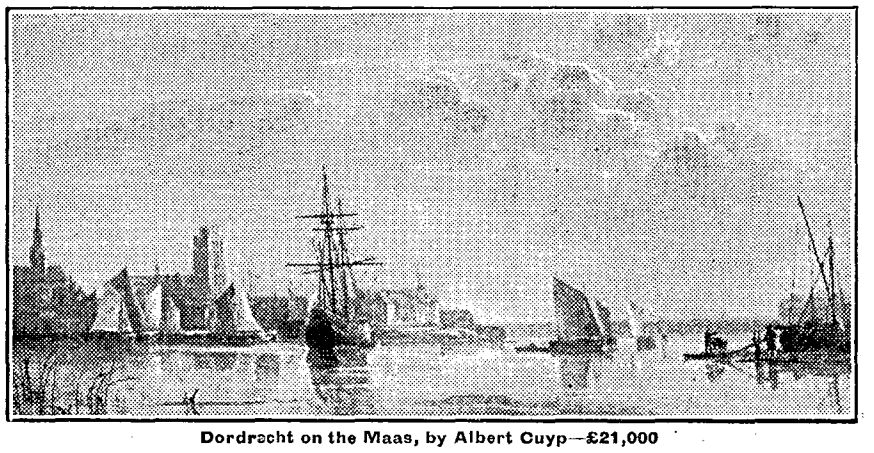
Le Bonnet Blanc, by David Teniers—£3360



Portrait of Marten Looten, by Rembrandt—£27,300



A Lady with a Handkerchief, by Rembrandt—£31,500



Dordrecht on the Maas, by Albert Cuyp—£21,000

Dealers from three continents attended the sale at Christie's auction rooms in London of the last of the wonderful art treasures which had been brought together by the late Robert S. Holford and his son Sir George Holford. We show here some of the pictures and the prices paid for them. The total sum realised in two days was £416,426. **See page 4**

A CHILDHOOD LONG AGO

FATHER AND SON

The Strange Memories of a Much-Beloved Man

SIR EDMUND GOSSE

One who knew him sends us these notes on Sir Edmund Gosse, whose passing a few weeks ago has deprived English literature of one of its most distinguished critics.

One of our newspapers was right when it said that Sir Edmund Gosse was young to the end.

He had a unique childhood, of which he has written in the unique book he called Father and Son. Philip Gosse, his father, so beloved and so difficult, was a distinguished naturalist, and not so very long ago Sir Edmund was persuaded to read before the microphone part of his curious book, a happy part, describing the expeditions he made with his father when a little boy hunting for specimens.

Living Flower-Beds

Bending together over those shallow tidal pools on the shore the father was easy and human. In those days, half a century ago, the unexplored shores were living flower-beds and, says the book, "we delicately lifted the weed curtains of a windless pool and might see for a moment its sides and floor paved with living blossoms, ivory-white, rosy-red, orange, amethyst, and the soft, radiant forms of sea-anemones."

No one, wrote Sir Edmund sadly, thinking of the thousands of prying and careless hands that have been at work investigating since, would ever see again the shores of England as he saw them in his early childhood, with "dark rocks streamed over by silken flags of royal crimson and purple."

The Secret Plum Pudding

His father and mother were both extreme Calvinists. If he burned his finger by accident with a sulphur match, if he by chance pinched his finger, his father, instead of trying to make him better, would exclaim that it was God punishing him for some fault. No difference was made on Christmas Day in that joyless household, but on one occasion little Edmund was secretly given a slice of a small plum pudding the servants had somehow got hold of. Bursting with sobs and agitated by indigestion, the boy rushed in to confess, and his father, sternly crying "Where is the accursed thing?" dashed into the kitchen, seized the pudding, and cast it out!

It all seems terrible to us, this story of a temperamental struggle, yet the record is lighted by gleams of joy. It was a bright minute when the father read Virgil aloud to his small son; verse so adorable in its majestic cadence that small Edmund drank it in, listening, he tells us, "as to a nightingale."

A Memory of R. L. S.

Sir Edmund Gosse was a great friend of Robert Louis Stevenson, and to him R. L. S. wrote one of his very last letters. Speaking at the Stevenson Club in Edinburgh about eight years ago Gosse recalled first meeting R. L. S. on a boat called the Clansman, on which Stevenson, then an ugly but fascinating boy, was wandering about the Hebrides.

Though he greatly loved his friend, Sir Edmund was a far more lovable figure than Stevenson, and with him a great literary figure has crept away to join his hosts of loved ones on the other side.

A CHANCE FOR A GOOD DEED

The Editor is asked if any good friend of the C.N. would supply six copies a week for sick children at Barnardo's Homes. Will any reader interested please write to Dr. Macdonald, Chief Medical Officer of the Homes, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

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A MOTHER AND HER LITTLE ONE

Will They Be Separated?

MAHOUT COMING TO THE ZOO

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Elephant rides have become so popular at the Zoo that there is now work for another of these patient creatures, and the elephant arriving at the menagerie last winter with her baby is to be taught to work for her living.

This elephant was trained for riding before the birth of her calf, but the presence of the baby has made her temper uncertain and until he has been taken away from her she cannot be trusted to carry children.

It would be impossible for the keepers to separate them, and arrangements are being made for a mahout to come to the Zoo; only a mahout can make the elephant understand that it is her duty to give up the calf. Also, as she has not worked for many months she will have become lazy and reluctant to work, and no one but a mahout can persuade her to carry children on her back. He will not use force, but will simply say a prayer to the elephant and lecture her on the evils of laziness, assuring her that she is displeasing Allah by not working for the bread she eats!

Training the Baby

Most probably her baby will also be trained to carry while the mahout is at the Zoo, but as he is a bull elephant he may be too difficult for the keepers to manage when the mahout departs for his own country.

The mahout may also train the Zoo's young African elephant Hango, for her bad-tempered mate Kiberenge died and it is possible she may become more docile now that she lives alone.

Kiberenge's death was a great shock. The evening before he died he appeared to be in excellent spirits and ate a hearty supper, but the next morning they found him dead. He was a fine young elephant, eight years old, and had been at the Zoo since 1922. He was small and amiable when a baby, but as he grew up his temper changed.

O WAR, WHERE IS YOUR GLORY?

German Battleship Goes Home

Twelve years ago the German steel cruiser Moltke steamed out from Wilhelmshaven, guns bristling, flags flying one of the proudest units of the German Fleet. Today she has just completed the episode in her career by which she will be longest remembered. She has been towed upside down from Scapa Flow to Rosyth.

That is not a glorious ending to a warship's career, and when, nine years ago, she was scuttled by Admiral von Reuter's orders in Scapa Flow that was not very creditable either. But at the bottom of Scapa Flow she could shell no more seaside towns, and now, when her armour plate and fittings have been cut up for peaceful implements, she will be more use to the world than she ever was before.

The Moltke, when in fighting trim, could sink a merchantman in twenty minutes. It took more than 20 months to raise her out of the 70 feet of water where she lay and to float her upside down. As many months were spent in making her fit to take the sea again as were occupied in building her.

Even then she had to float keel upward, with compressed air blown into her as if she had been a motor tyre. So prepared, a cabin was built on top of her for her crew of thirteen.

A tail of tow-ropes was hung out behind her, and a small fleet of tugs, of which the largest came from Germany, towed her to Rosyth.

It was a great feat of salvage, but where are the glories of war?

A SOLDIER OF THE WORLD'S WORK

Fighter of Yellow Fever

A HERO JAPAN GAVE TO MANKIND

Dr. Hideyo Noguchi, one of the greatest biologists Japan has contributed to the world-wide effort to fight and prevent disease, has fallen by the way, a sacrifice to his own effort to find the germ of Yellow Fever.

He was born in Japan, he died at Accra, on the Gold Coast, where he was working with the help of the American Rockefeller Foundation. There in a sentence is the story of how the nations of the world are fighting together in the cause of health, and drawing recruits from every country.

When Professor Adrian Stokes died eight months ago from yellow fever, with which he had been infected by mosquitoes, or by a mosquito he had under observation, he believed that he and his helpers were on the verge of finding the way to prevent and cure the disease.

A Life Given for Mankind

Dr. Noguchi died in that belief too. His was a great name in yellow fever research. He had found the germ and the mosquito which carried it in Panama. He went to the Gold Coast, against the warnings of his friends, who thought he was too old for the climate, to continue the work of finding a serum which would protect against the germ.

He was rejoicing in the approach of success when a mosquito infected him, and, though he thought the attack a slight one, it struck him down two days after he should have left for home.

It was a great sacrifice, and Noguchi was a great man. He showed his greatness by continuing his experiments even when death was approaching. But the saddest sacrifice is when a man is cut down with his life's work hardly begun. Noguchi had lived long enough to give some of his finest work to the world, and he remains a hero for all time.

NEARLY A MILLION SPENT

Wonderful Prices for Beautiful Things

THE DORCHESTER HOUSE COLLECTION

The wonderful collection of Old Masters and other art and literary treasures of Mr. Robert Holford, once at Dorchester House, is now dispersed, and the prices paid for them have been astonishing.

Last year the Italian pictures realised £155,951; last month 78 Dutch and Flemish Old Masters were sold in one day for £364,094, and 85 masterpieces of French, Spanish, and English artists next day for £52,332. If the books are added the collection so far has realised £946,000. Here are some notable items of the recent sale.

Four pictures by Rembrandt ..	£155,400
Drawing by Rembrandt	£10,500
Van Dyck's Abbé Scaglia	£31,500
Cuyp's Dordrecht	£21,000
A Man, by P. Cristus	£14,700
Medici Nobleman, by Sustermans	£13,125
Rabbit Warren, by Potter ..	£8400
Drawing by Rubens	£6825
View by Ruysdael	£6300
Murillo's Girl Lifting Her Veil	£5880
Picture by Rubens	£5460
Portrait by Francis Cotes	£4410
Lawrence's Lord Castlereagh ..	£4410
Richard Wilson's River Dee ..	£4305
Velasquez's Philip the Fourth ..	£3465
Portrait by Murillo	£3360
Portrait by Opie	£3150

Francis Cotes's Portrait of a Gentleman goes to the National Gallery, and some designs for Dorchester House by Alfred Stevens were withdrawn for presentation to the Tate Gallery. A picture by A. J. Munnings was found among some old maps in a cupboard at Sir George Holford's house in Gloucestershire.

Pictures on page 3

NOTICE OF AN EARTHQUAKE

Will There Be Time to Escape?

THE CLINOGRAPH AND WHAT IT DOES

One of the most terrible things about earthquakes is their suddenness.

Till within a few seconds of the convulsion there is usually no warning, and almost in the twinkling of an eye a city may fall on its terrified inhabitants.

We have long understood the mechanism of earthquakes, and there are delicate instruments called seismographs which record and locate their tremors, though we have rarely been able successfully to foretell them.

But four years ago Professor Evans pointed out that theoretically the actual convulsive wrench of an earthquake must be preceded by a tilting of the surface of the Earth's crust where it is undergoing stress and strain, and last year Professor Imamura, of Tokyo University, demonstrated that such a tilt could be actually detected and recorded from half an hour to five hours before the earthquake.

What Japan is Doing

A tilt-detecting instrument has now been invented by a Japanese scientist, Professor Ishimoto, who calls it a Clinograph. It is so delicate that it will record a tilt of *one part in a million*. It would be quite easy, as Professor Evans has suggested, to fit to this clinograph a bell that will automatically ring when tilting occurs.

A clinograph will give from half a minute to five minutes' warning of an impending earthquake, time enough, in most cases, to enable most of the inhabitants of a city to escape from their houses into the open; and the Earthquake Research Institute of Tokyo University is instituting a network of stations equipped with clinographs.

JACK OF KENSINGTON

What Happened to Five-Year-Old

A nervous young Five-Year-Old left his country home 14 years ago to seek work in London.

He travelled alone, in a sort of luggage van, and he was terrified by the noise and vibration.

Then the train stopped, a door opened, and a man stepped in whose hands and voice made the traveller feel happy at once. "How nice of him to come to meet me!" thought Five-Year-Old. "I like the way he handles me."

The man was Mr. A. Botwright, a carman of the Kensington Borough Council, and he had come to meet a new horse for the council's stables. He decided to call the stranger Jack.

From that hour they have worked together continually, and now their 14 years of friendship has been crowned by the winning of a first prize.

Mr. Botwright says Jack has never misbehaved in all that long time. Probably it is because he has not been bullied, struck, or screamed at.

WHY HERBERT WAS TOO LATE

Herbert Keegan, of Bayswater Avenue, Manchester, was out of work, but he had heard of a job, and one day he dressed with great care before setting out to interview his prospective employer.

But he lost the job because a little boy fell into the Rochester Canal, and Keegan spent 20 minutes swimming about in a vain effort to find him. So he was too late to get the post. We are quite sure, however, that some good man in Manchester has found something for Herbert Keegan to do. Life-savers cannot be wasted.

DREAMING IN TWO ROOMS

The Wonderful Clubhouse for Boys

BUILDING-UP JERUSALEM

Some time ago a man came to live in Plymouth who seemed quite poor, for he lived humbly in two rooms. But he was really very rich—rich in money and in dreams. He lived so cheaply because he wanted to spend all his money on his dreams, and now one of them has come true.

It is a wonderful clubhouse for the boys of Plymouth, and it cost sixty thousand pounds. A Member of Parliament says there is not another clubhouse like it in England—perhaps not in the world. The speaker called the man who gave it the mystery man with a heart of gold, and this golden-hearted one says *nothing is too good for the rising generation*.

Therefore the entrance to the club is paved with Italian mosaic, and artists have painted frescoes on the walls. There are rooms for study, rooms for games, a drill hall, a fine theatre, and a roofed playground with magnificent views of sea and moor.

Fostering a Healthy Spirit

The club is called the Ballard Institute for Boys, and Mr. A. C. Ballard, who dreamed it and built it, has also endowed it so that it shall always be used "for the spiritual, mental, and physical well-being of boys residing in the borough of Plymouth."

He has done more. He has set aside a yearly income of £2000 to support some 30 scholarships for Plymouth boys at the University College of the South West, and he has promised ten scholarships to Devonport. One of the four Members of Parliament who came to the opening of the institute said truly that Mr. Ballard's one object in life was to help boys.

He hopes the club will be used by boys of all classes, and that here may be born a spirit of comradeship and trust without which we can never build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land.

PULLING DOWN THE TARIFF WALLS

Geneva Ideas Moving On

A year ago it was agreed at Geneva that the tariff barriers of the nations had been growing too high since the Peace. One is curious to know whether they have since grown any lower.

When the Economic Conference met last year it asked the League Council to appoint a Committee to watch over the application of the recommendations of the Conference. This Committee has now met at Geneva and has had before it a report on the year's happenings.

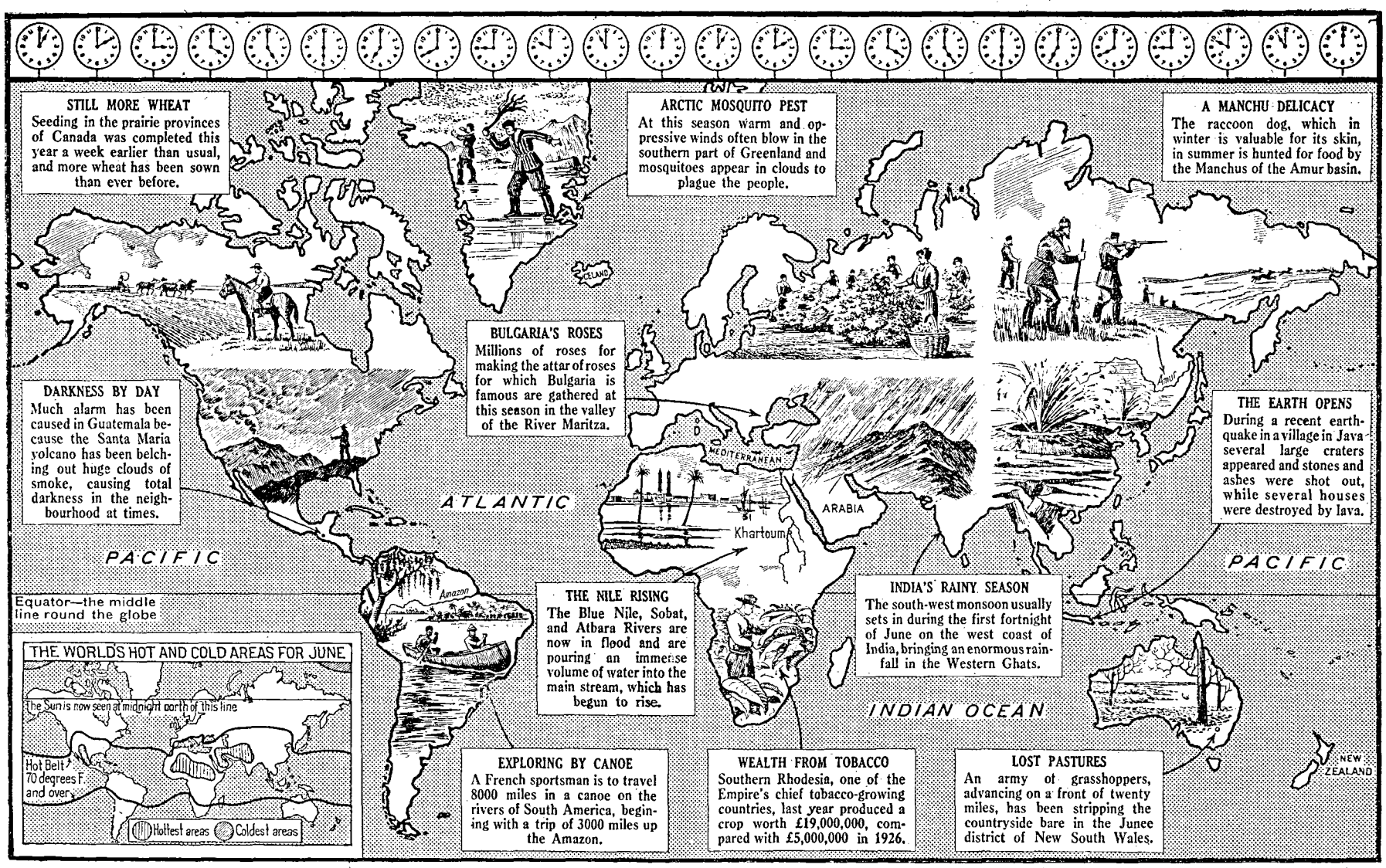
At first sight the report does not seem very encouraging, for it says bluntly that on the whole the tariffs actually in force are even higher than they were; but we must remember that a world movement like this cannot be reversed in a year. The tariffs might have been a good deal higher still if last year's Conference had not been held.

At that time a number of new tariffs were in preparation much higher than those that had gone before, and these were greatly reduced under the influence of the Conference resolutions. The German and French Governments in particular have officially declared that the Conference made the Treaty of Commerce between them much easier than it would otherwise have been.

Many reports have come in of demands for increases, backed by very powerful interests, having been successfully resisted owing to the moral support given by the Conference; and if the pressure can be kept up it is believed that actual reductions will quickly follow.

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PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



PACHMANN SAYS GOOD-BYE

Is It Farewell?

Pachmann has said good-bye; we are told it is really Good-bye.

He has said it often and come back to smile and play again. At his last performance the other night his friends watched the gallant old figure at the piano and could scarcely believe that Pachmann will be eighty in July. Chopin would not have believed it, either, had he heard him play the famous Waltz in D flat major.

Pachmann played it twice. He swung round on his stool and told his audience he could play it in fifty-five seconds. He took out his watch to time the performance, then found that he could not see the hands, and put it back. It is not easy to see the hands of a watch when you will be eighty in July.

Then his fingers flew over the keyboard and once more his listeners held their breath. Someone in the audience had his watch out and counted the seconds. He would not have told Pachmann for worlds that it took him sixty-five seconds to play the D flat major.

He rose stiffly to his feet and said, hesitatingly, "Have you had enough of—of my music?" When the audience shouted No, he smiled and sat down again and said he would play five more pieces: Mendelssohn, Brahms, Henselt, Godowsky. When he had played the Mendelssohn he forgot about the rest. His audience watched him lovingly as he went away. They had not expected him to play the five. It is not easy to remember everything when you will be eighty in July.

Bravo, Pachmann! Good-bye!

Pronunciations in This Paper

Anemone	A-**nem**-o-nee
Cuyp	Kipe
Da Vinci	Dah-**Vin**-che
Huyghens	**Hy**-ghens

VESUVIUS AND ITS CHIMNEY

A Need for the Sweep

Vesuvius has lately been converting itself into a smoke nuisance compared with which the outpouring of the Hotel Cecil chimney in the Strand is a mere trifle.

The smoky vapours from its cone, which was badly dented at the last eruption, now are liable to be carried downward over the north-eastern fields when the sirocco blows. That is bad enough, but when rain joins with the sirocco, and washes the sulphurous acid of the smoke down among the crops, the oranges and lemons, vines and vegetables, are withered by the mixture.

The fertile district of Ottavio was almost buried in ash 22 years ago, and its spring vegetation has now been ruined by this burning acid rain.

A volcano is an uncomfortable neighbour at the best of times. It says something for human hopefulness that after all the damage Vesuvius has done in the past such great numbers of people continue to huddle near its fires.

A NOBLE MEMORIAL

World's Best Infant's Hospital

London, which the C.N. believes to be the best city in the world, is to have the best Infant's Hospital in the world.

A great extension scheme costing £250,000 has been approved by the managers of the Infant's Hospital in Vincent Square, including a special building for mothers.

For this block Sir Gomer Berry, the chairman of the committee, will provide the whole cost, about £50,000, as a memorial to his wife, who died a few months ago, to the deep sorrow of all who knew her.

Lady Berry took an earnest interest in the hospital, and one of her last requests was that any memorial of her should be there.

GERMAN BOYS WHO HAD NEVER SEEN SOLDIERS

A Hint to the Nations

A party of schoolboys from Berlin were extremely excited the other day when they saw soldiers marching in full dress through the streets of London; *they had never seen such a sight before!*

Perhaps there would have been no Great War if the fathers of these boys had never seen such a thing in childhood. But in the Kaiser's day Berlin was full of dazzling uniforms and jingling swords, and everything was done to glorify war.

The new German Republic is inspired by a very different ideal. It desires to build up again the greatness the war lords so nearly destroyed: the greatness that gave the world the music of Bach and Beethoven and Wagner, the poetry of Goethe, and the knowledge of innumerable historians and chemists. That kind of greatness does not dress up: it has no need.

NOT AN ACID DROP

Mr. Tim Healy's Fears of Peace

Mr. Tim Healy, who is 73, has been entertained at a banquet in London in honour of his services as first Governor of the Irish Free State. This is from his speech.

I have not flown the Atlantic; I have not even tried to swim the Channel. All I have done is to sit quietly, in most beautiful surroundings, and sign Acts of Parliament in the name of the King. I have had entirely too much credit for what I have done in the last five years.

I had the sympathy of the English and the Irish peoples, and while four British administrations have come and gone since the treaty was signed, the wayward and impulsive Irish have been satisfied to keep the same Government.

In all that time not an acid drop passed between the two countries so far as Government interference was concerned.

NAPOLEON'S OLD HAT

More Enduring Than His Crown

THE LITTLE TRADESMAN WHO WORKED WELL

The other day £300 was paid in Paris for a plain old-fashioned hat of black felt.

Milliners will want to know the name of the maker of this masterpiece: it is still on the label inside—Poupart Chapelier-Galonnier, Palais-Egalité, No. 52, Paris. But Poupart did not get the £300, for he has long been dead.

The hat was sold with a valuable collection of orders and decorations at the Hotel Drouot, and it realised this huge price because it was once worn by Napoleon. A man named Constant, who had been the emperor's valet, sold many of his master's effects, and there is a certificate to show that this hat was one of the things he traded to souvenir hunters. Now it has been bought for 37,500 francs by a French officer.

So the unwearable hat has become a venerated relic and an heirloom. Strange that it should serve as a memorial to both an emperor and a little tradesman! Yet, after all, the hatter has a right to plume himself on the thought that his work lasted better than Napoleon's. Poupart's hat outlives Bonaparte's crown.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Portrait by Raeburn . . .	£4100
Shakespeare First Folio . .	£4000
Shield of the Young Pretender	£4000
Sketch by Da Vinci . . .	£2500
Burgundian Gothic tapestry .	£1750
Elizabethan tankard and cover	£994
Antique mirror	£300
Queen Anne porringer . .	£282
William IV porringer and cover	£238
Dean Atterbury's chocolate pot	£175
A Queen Anne gold farthing .	£26

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
JUNE 9 ❁ ❁ 1928

Aunt Sally

It remains to be seen how long the Aunt Sallies of the petrol stations will hold up their ugly heads along our country roads. Public indignation at these gawky horrors grows apace.

The latest suggestion, made by Lady Oxford, is admirable. As the petrol poured from Aunt Sally is *underground*, why should Aunt Sally stand nine feet high like a scarecrow? *Why not bury her?*

One of our private prophets has been specially briefed to look forward a few years, and this is what he sends us.

AUNT SALLY, as a Petrol Pump, was for long a forbidding figure by the side of the great arterial roads of Britain.

For a number of years, painted gaudily in red and yellow, she invited motor-cars to come and be filled, and suffering humanity had to come and drink at her well because there was no other.

This went on until the year nineteen hundred and thirty something, when the movement for the preservation of England's beauty spots, for the abolition of hideous advertisements, and for putting the Litter Lout where he could do less harm, turned its attention to the Aunt Sallies of the wayside.

One morning the country woke up to find on its breakfast table the C.N. and other newspapers all decked with the black headlines:

DISAPPEARANCE OF AUNT SALLY
FAIR PLAY SUSPECTED

It appeared from information furnished that bands of masked Boy Scouts had assembled at prominent by-passes in the roads on the preceding evening, and had all, at a given signal, performed the same good deed for the day. *They had removed Aunt Sally from every pumping-station.*

Indignation was widespread among the proprietors of the pumps, but there was a conspiracy of silence among the general public. The police confessed themselves baffled; it was believed they were secretly glad not to be able to give information. It was weeks before a clue led to the discovery of Aunt Sallies very much the worse for wear in ditches and under hedges far from their homes.

There was nothing left except to bury them. A public funeral was suggested, but in the end the proceedings were semi-private. The Ministry of Transport sent a wreath; Mr. Shell and Mr. Pratt were there as chief mourners; and there were other floral tributes from the proprietors of some of the uglier sky-signs.

The site of Aunt Sally's grave remained for a long time noticeable because of the litter of waste-paper and discarded bottles.

The Litter Lout lingered there tearfully, but as for the rest of the people they were heard to say that they were glad to have Aunt Sally out of the way, and the loveliness of the country back again.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE



Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

Our Opportunity

THAT is a remarkable confession in the Report of the World Missionary Council at Jerusalem, and it seems important to send it on its travels round the world. This is what it says:

We believe that the Gospel proclaims the only way by which humanity can escape from class and race hatred, but we recognise that such a claim requires to be made good, and that *the record of Christendom hitherto is not sufficient to sustain it.*

Christianity, that is to say, has a record entirely unworthy of its Founder. If that is so, there is on every one of us a solemn responsibility and a noble opportunity. We can each one live to redeem Christianity from this disgrace.

Whatsoever we would that men should do unto us, do we even so to them.

❁

Peter Puck on Trade

That Peter Puck has found a way
To make our British textiles pay
No statesman can dispute:
He says that it would foster trade
If every crocodile were made
To wear a bathing-suit.
If elephants by law were dressed
In knitted beret, shorts, and vest,
Of course it would be nice;
While up would go the woollen shares
If all the seals and polar bears
Wore bedsocks on the ice.
He thinks we should affix by law
A mitten to the lobster's claw,
And clothe the serpent's rings.
This scheme is certain to appeal
To kindly-hearted folk who feel
For drapers and dumb things.

❁

The Cross on the Treasury Note

CAN you say without looking what the picture is like on the back of a Treasury Note?

Everybody can say that the Houses of Parliament are in the view. But how many towers are there? That is easy. There must be the Victoria Tower, the Clock Tower with Big Ben, and did you remember the Lantern Tower?

It is there, and the Treasury Note, which often does not seem to go as far as it should, in the Lantern Tower goes farther than it should. It puts a spire and a cross on its top where no spire is. At any rate, there is no spire or cross now, though there may once have been both. Perhaps our friend Mr. Thomas Wilson, who knows every stone of Westminster (and weeps over the crumbling ones), can tell us. As far as we know, the spire and cross now exist only on paper.

We had often thought there was something short in our Treasury Notes; we had never imagined we had something too much.

❁

Speak gently! tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well.
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

The Bookseller's Lament

SOMEBODY has been looking into an old book with a story about a peer who was "beating about for books in Little Britain" two hundred years ago.

He picked up Paradise Lost, was struck by some passages in it, and bought it. The bookseller had a big stock of them and was delighted to lose one. He begged his customer to speak in its favour if he liked it, for these books *lay on his hands as waste-paper!*

❁

Tip-Cat

A RADIO enthusiast has twenty-five loud-speakers. Must be very hard of hearing.

⊡

EVEN the greatest men are afraid of something. If it is only of bumping their heads on the ceiling.

⊡

DOCTORS are said to over-value the length of life. This explains the length of their bills.

⊡

WHAT a European nation wants is a neighbour rich enough to buy goods and too poor to make war.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If eleven cricketers make a score

⊡

SOME fruits do not combine well. Consequently many of them have got the pip.

⊡

NO Scotsman, we are assured, is without some saving grace. They are a thrifty people.

⊡

RAINY seasons are said to come in cycles. The one that has come this season does not seem to have anything to go in.

⊡

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT is our best-dressed novelist. Always in readiness to receive royalties.

⊡

WOMEN'S clothes are said to go to extremes. Then how is it we can still see their feet?

⊡

A PROFESSOR declares: I speak only when I know what I am talking about. So he doesn't speak often.

❁

Saving Saxpence

THE London Scot is a day's march nearer home. What is a more important business proposition is that the Aberdonian is a day's march nearer London.

So much have the new bridges over the Scottish rivers done for him; and if any logical-minded person should object that in these days the sixty miles which the bridges save is not a day's march for anyone who can pay railway fares, we have a ready answer:

Even at a penny a mile sixty miles is equal to ten saxpences, and lives there a Scot with soul so dead as never to be thrilled with the hope of saving them for a higher purpose?

The Captain's Grove

THE Captain's Grove is a gracious idea. This month St. George's School at Harpenden will be 21, and among the ceremonies with which its coming-of-age will be celebrated will be the planting of a Captain's Grove.

Each tree in it will be named after a captain of the school. Of these 21 boys seven were killed in the war.

They were the flowers of the flock, the pick of the school's best; and one-third of this bright band was wasted in war. Yet their lives were not altogether wasted, for they set their mark on the school and influenced others who are living. Kinsmen looking at the trees dedicated to them may comfort themselves with Ben Jonson's Ode:

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the flower and plant of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

It will be a proud thing for the captains of the future when trees dedicated to them are added to the grove which has already become sacred to faithfulness and courage.

❁

A Prayer for School

O God, our heavenly Father, from Whom cometh every good and perfect gift, we beseech Thee to bestow Thy blessing on our school; we praise Thee for the heritage into which we have entered, and pray Thee to make us worthy to maintain and strengthen all that is good in our traditions.

Give to all who work here the true love of knowledge which makes all study a discovery and a joy. May the spirit of loyalty and devotion bind us all more closely together, that we may labour, not for our own advantage, but for the common good. May wisdom guide and prosper our work and games, that we may grow in the love of all that is true and honest and of good report.

❁

Our Two Lives

We have two lives.
The soul of man is like the rolling Earth:
One half in day, the other dipped in night.
The one is music and the flying cloud;
The other silence and the wakeful stars.

❁

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

A LEGACY of £250,000 has helped to build three new hospitals, rebuild four old ones, and provide 1600 beds.

A PONY which has been 20 years down Burslem Pit is to end its days in the fields.

FOR the first time in 40 years America had no lynching case from January to May.

THE prison population of England and Wales has halved in fifty years.

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PEACE IN THE HILLS OF HUNGARY

BIRTH OF THE GIRL GUIDE INTERNATIONAL

The World's Best Ambassadors Rock a New Cradle

CHIEF SCOUT'S FOOTPRINT

By a Guide Commissioner

A real adventure ship left Vienna not long ago to take about fifty Girl Guide delegates down the Danube to their International Conference at Budapest.

They had come from 28 countries to discuss the question of forming an International Bureau, with nine world representatives, and the Bureau has now been finally chosen for two years, with Dame Katharine Furse as its first director.

Grey, green, brown, khaki, and blue, the uniforms mingled happily together, and Guides from Iceland could be heard talking eagerly with Czecho-Slovakians and Poles in a language made up of French, German, and English.

Seeing the Sights

At Budapest the delegates were welcomed officially by the Government, whose guests they were during their stay in the Hungarian capital. With flags flying from a fleet of motor-cars set apart for them they were driven to see the most interesting sights in one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Like true ambassadors bringing tidings of peace, they were received in the old throne room of the ancient kings of Hungary, where the Regent, Admiral Horty, welcomed them, and seldom can the white walls and glittering chandeliers of the royal palace have looked down on such a scene. The Guides formed there in a simple horseshoe, sisters from many lands whose watchwords are loyalty, service, and obedience.

Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell arrived to take part in the Rallies held in their honour by the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts of Hungary, and perhaps the proudest people in Budapest were the little Brownies who scrambled joyfully toward their Chief with a dish of potatoes they had peeled for him!

Among the Wooded Hills

It was, however, at Parad, one of the loveliest country resorts imaginable, among the wooded hills of Hungary, that the actual Conference took place. Some of the suggestions included the idea of an international Girl Guide flag and a universal badge which the delegates are going to take back to their countries to be considered.

All international questions of Guiding will in future be referred to the new Bureau launched at the Conference, which will probably be established in London for the present.

One of the points discussed at the Conference was the question of a new name for Guiding, but the delegates could think of nothing better and the name is left as it is.

And no mention of the Camp Fires? Yes, indeed; they held as usual in their glowing embers the true sparks of universal friendship and understanding.

Songs Old and New

After the hard concentration of the day was ended gay groups appeared in the national costumes of their countries and danced by the light of the fire in and out among the trees.

Gay voices, and sometimes serious voices, were raised in many languages to sing songs both old and new; special cheers and special forms of applause echoed back from the hills on the last night in gratitude to the whole League of Hungarian Girl Scouts who had helped so generously, and worked so long and hard, to make the Conference a success.

"We are here," said the Chief Guide, "to make more healthy, happy, helpful citizens." Let the Guides and Scouts of every country rally to her call.

By a Hungarian Scout

A Hungarian Scout sends us these notes of the visit of Sir Robert Baden-Powell to the Hungary Scouts during the Girl Guides International at Budapest.

The days before the Guides Congress were spent in Budapest, where the Chief Scout made full acquaintance with the progress of the Scout movement in Hungary. He there inspected 8000 out of the 30,000 Scouts now enrolled in the country, and carefully tested their accomplishments. One test was the building of a rope bridge, and Sir Robert delighted the Scouts by being the first to cross it.

The official inauguration of the General Headquarters of the Scouts had been delayed in order that he might declare it open, though the building has been occupied for some time.

A feature of special interest was the Sea Scout Settlement on an island in the Danube. There the Chief saw the Sea Scouts put together a canoe which had had all its parts packed in a knapsack.

At last summer's International Sea Scout Rally in Denmark the Hungarian Scouts took first place, although Hungary is now entirely an inland country. The next International Sea Scout Rally will be held in Hungary on Lake Balaton, the beautiful place visited by the Guide delegates to the International Congress. The visit of the Chief Scout and the Chief Guide to Hungary will always be remembered in the annals of the Scout and Guide movement. In the Harshegy Park Sir Robert delighted the Scouts by stepping into moist sand so that a plaster-cast of his footmark could be taken. Though it is only in plaster Hungarian Scouts would not part with this footprint if they were offered in exchange one of the legendary footprints which Buddha is reputed to have left in solid rock.

Pictures on page 12

ON THE FRINGE OF A CIVILISED WORLD

We have received some further notes from Mrs. Daisy Bates at her lonely station at Ooldea, on the East to West line between South and West Australia.

The wildest life of all in these great lonely spaces is the life of the groups of natives straggling in from the parched lands to the north who attach themselves, as hangers on, to the civilisation on the fringe of the railway line.

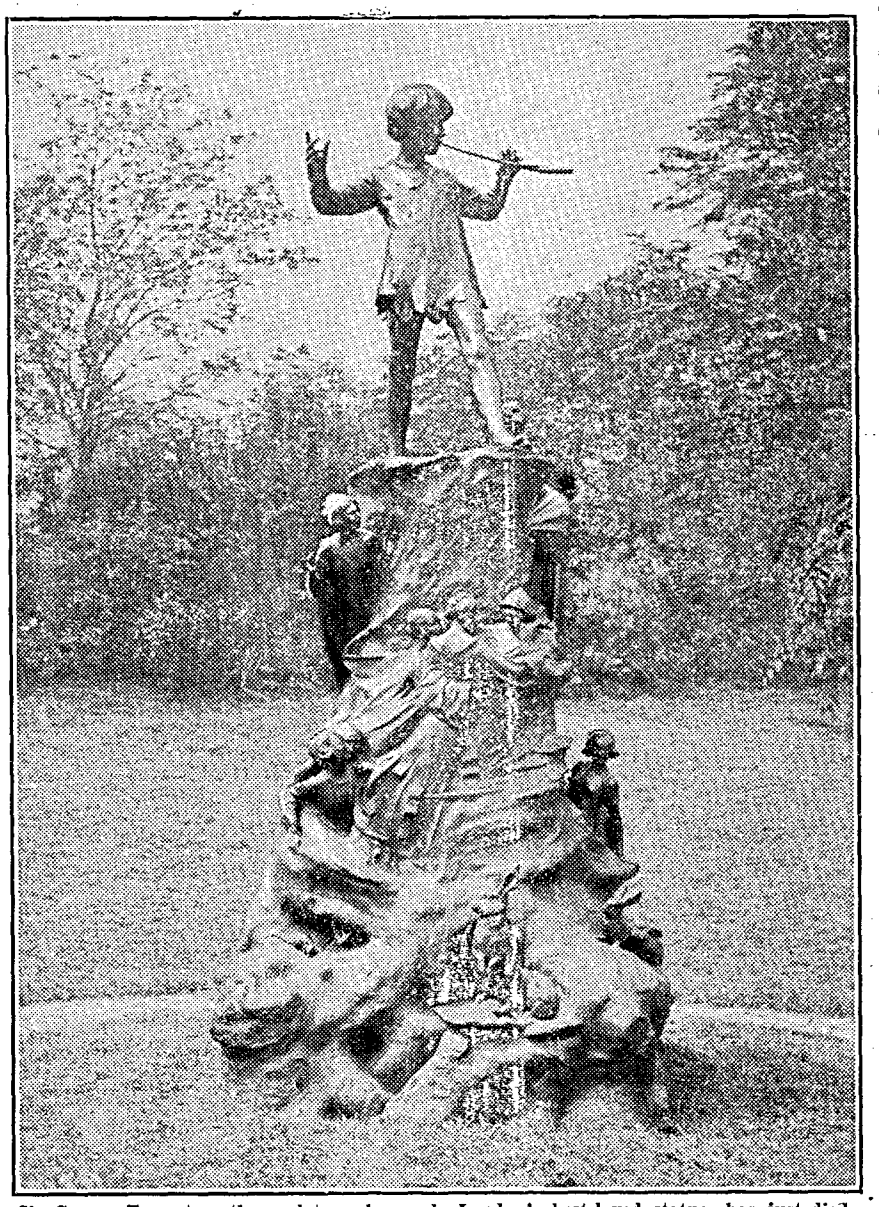
All the newcomers referred to in former letters from our correspondent have now left her camp, and are moving on more or less in touch with the railway. The drought has been so severe for years on the plain from which they came that Mrs. Bates now finds they had been driven more or less to cannibalism before they reached her.

Animal and bird life have suffered acutely. Mrs. Bates has bought seeds for the hundreds that seek her camp for water: parrots, finches, cockatoos, and so on. The parrots are incredibly thin, with ruffled, uncared-for plumage, and they have been frantic with thirst, while the heat has been up to 114 degrees.

She has brought water for them from the railway siding a mile away, and before daylight they have been waiting round about her tent. They have no fear of her and will let her stroke them while they drink. The warblers are collecting there, and evidently are choosing places for nesting, for they like the place.

Our lonely correspondent adds that "their voices and their presence soothe me greatly."

LONDON'S BEST-LOVED STATUE



Sir George Frampton, the sculptor who made London's best-loved statue, has just died. Here we see the statue, that of Peter Pan and his friends in Kensington Gardens, where it is the delight of old and young alike. See page one.

THE NEW GERMANY

GREAT VOTE FOR PEACE

No More Hohenzollerns Wanted

HOW THE YOUNG PEOPLE VOTED

World peace and security have been brought a great stride nearer by the General Election in Germany.

Germany's admission to the League and the guarantee of her western frontiers by the Locarno pact have robbed the war-mongers of their hold on the people, and so peace abroad and reform at home have been the watchwords.

Among the eight or nine political parties that count there are great changes. The loss of seats to the Nationalists, who are Monarchist and militarist, is one of them; and the gain to the Social Democrats, who correspond to our Radicals and moderate Socialists, is another. The Nationalists have lost some 30 seats, while the Social Democrats gained about 20 and the Communists ten. The Centre Party, which is Roman Catholic, has been weakened, and so has the People's Party, run by the big employers, of which Dr. Stresemann, Germany's great Foreign Minister, is a member. This is believed to be due to popular disapproval of their association with the Nationalists.

A Happy Sign

In a Parliament containing so many parties the Government must necessarily be a Coalition, with its membership coming from a number of parties most nearly allied in their aims.

But whoever is the new Chancellor Dr. Stresemann must remain Foreign Secretary, provided his health allows it, for he has had consistent support from the Social Democrats. That is to say the new Government will be a Coalition leaning to the growing Socialists instead of a Coalition leaning to the declining Monarchists.

A large part in the result has been played by two million new young voters. That these should have voted for peace is a happy sign.

The New Germany has declared for peace in no mistaken voice; let us hope her neighbours, west, south, and east, will respond to the gesture.

PRIVATE PAGETT

Successor to Sergeant-Major Jiggs

The Royal Marines have just heard the sad news of the death of Private Pagett, the British bulldog they gave to the United States Marine Corps.

Private Pagett was intended to console the American Marines for the loss of Sergeant-Major Jiggs, the bulldog who died of eating too much about 16 months ago, as the C.N. told at the time. Soon after the sergeant-major's death Private Pagett went over to the States, and it was hoped he would live for ever, as a British bulldog should.

But, alas! Private Pagett is no more. He has been buried with honours, and the regiment would be very unhappy were it not for Private Pagett's three-months-old son. He is known as Private Pagett, Junior, and is to reign in his father's stead as soon as he grows up and can produce a really creditable bark—when his singing voice has broken, in fact.

At the moment the puppy is very happy being a puppy, chewing old boots and paper bags, and practising his head notes when he sees his breakfast coming. If he knew the honours awaiting him he would doubtless get up an hour earlier in the morning and practise a more manly note.

Some day, doubtless, he will bark without knowing it. Then the Marines will get out their band and banners and formally install Private Pagett, Junior, as the regimental pet.

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A RIDDLE OF THE HEAVENS

NOVA PICTORIS AND ITS RINGS

The Illusion That Frightened Galileo 300 Years Ago

SATURN AND HIS CHILDREN

When experts disagree, who shall decide? The marvellous star Nova Pictoris, newly revealed to watchers of the skies, whose distance is computed at between 240 billion and 3600 billion miles from the Earth, and whose apparent splitting into four is the supreme marvel of the firmament, has developed new features, unless its observers sadly err.

Those features have created a sharp division of opinion between the authorities of the Greenwich Observatory and some of the astronomical observers in South Africa. According to the view of South African astronomers, photographs taken night after night reveal luminous rings around the star. Greenwich, which has examined some of the photographs, holds that the rings do not exist, but are an optical effect, due to the abnormal quality of the star's light, and to imperfection in the lens of the telescope used.

Some New Photographs

To this comes the answer that there is no possibility of error, that the same appearance results from every telescope used, that the rings are actual, and are daily growing smaller. Dr. Harold Spencer Jones, the Astronomer Royal at the Cape, is on his way home with a fresh series of photographs, which it is hoped will bring a solution of the problem and satisfaction to both parties.

We shall not commit either side to the rack or the stake, yet we cannot but remember how a similar confusion over the appearance of the planet Saturn, 300 years ago, reduced Galileo to an extremity of terror.

The first man to turn a telescope on the heavens, he discovered the rings of the planet, had no idea what they were, and was overwhelmed with fear at that changing aspect and development. To him "the single star" now appeared as three stars, which was a fearful thing to have to tell to a world which held it blasphemy to deny Aristotle.

Galileo's Dilemma

Watching carefully, Galileo noted that the two attendant stars, as he thought them, slowly disappeared. He was horrified. Did it mean that the legend of Saturn devouring his children was really made manifest before his eyes, and that the planet had consumed these two offspring? Was it that, or, as he wrote: "Was the appearance fraud and illusion with which the glasses have for so long mocked me?"

Were the incredulous and the mockers right and he wrong? Galileo could not resolve what to say "in a change so strange, so new, so unexpected," and he went on: "The shortness of time, the unexampled occurrence, the weakness of my intellect, the terror of being mistaken, have greatly confounded me."

The Rings Seen Edgeways

Of course he was in error. Not until 1857 was the mystery solved. Then Clerk Maxwell explained that the rings of Saturn, discovered by the Dutchman Huyghens long after Galileo's death, are indeed not solid bodies, not stars, but enormous collections of fine particles revolving independently, with periods which are determined by their distance from the planet.

Galileo's attendant satellites of Saturn, which came and went and so alarmed him, were simply the rings seen edgeways, and became invisible to his eyes as he looked through his little glass. Before he could know the truth sight was for ever taken from him.

CINDERELLA OF OUR CATHEDRALS

Now Southwark May Clean Its Windows

WHERE SHAKESPEARE SHED A TEAR

Southwark Cathedral, St. Saviour's, the Cinderella among the cathedrals of England, will be able now to afford to have its windows cleaned.

It costs a great deal to clean the windows of a cathedral regularly, and the Chapter of Southwark Cathedral has for years not been able to afford this luxury.

Now, however, a good lady of Wimbledon who has died at 86 has left over £30,000 to the Diocesan Church Trust, the income to be devoted to whatever purposes the Dean and Chapter may think best, including repairs and increased salaries for clergy and choristers.

Londoners have always neglected Southwark Cathedral. It has not been a cathedral very long, but as a parish church it is very old. Its nave, which was rebuilt a generation ago, embodies the remains of a nave built, like the choir, in Norman times.

In its Lady Chapel Queen Mary's Protestant martyrs were tried and sentenced. Chaucer's friend John Gower and Shakespeare's brother Edmund lie buried in the cathedral; so does John Harvard, founder of America's great university. It is one of the very few places (perhaps the only one in London) where we know Shakespeare must have stood and shed a tear.

The new legacy, left by Miss Alice Prowde Ellis, will yield an income of about £1400 a year, and the busy Bishop, who is his own Dean, hopes that, besides cleaning and repairs, it will pay for an acting dean or canon to give his whole time to the cathedral.

A NEW GARDEN 2000 YEARS OLD

Herculaneum Discoveries

The men who are busy digging out the buried town of Herculaneum have got something very fine to show as a result of their labour. They have laid bare a house and replanted the garden so that in a few years it will look as it did nearly two thousand years ago.

In order to do this they have dug away a hill fifty feet high and carted away six thousand cubic yards of earth.

The house will be known as the House of the Skeleton, because of the bones that were found there. There are fourteen rooms, some beautifully decorated, with household things left about of marble and bronze, which were ordinary furnishings of the day and seem to us now like treasures of art. The paintings on some of the walls are so fresh that it is clear they were done just before the town was buried in the year 79. Flowers, stags, dolphins, and birds make a rich fresco. The colour gleams in the bright Italian air. Statues in marble and bronze stand near by as they did when the poor, frightened soul whose skeleton has been found ran and hid in the house, thinking he would be safe from the burning torrent raining down the mountainside.

THE BUTCHER'S LIST

The Devon and Somerset Staghounds claim that the last season was the best on record since the war.

The Butcher's List included 142 deer, 15 being "casualties," presumably mauled deer which managed to escape and were afterwards captured and shot. It is not known how many deer were hunted and not killed.

WHEN THE OCEANS BOIL THE KETTLE

Power from the Sea's Depths

Unlike the temperatures of the Earth's crust, which increase from the surface downward, the temperatures of the ocean diminish downward so that between the surface of a tropical sea and the bottom there may be a difference of 75 degrees Fahrenheit.

Two Frenchmen proposed a year ago to utilise this difference of temperature to drive a turbine. Power is got from the Earth's crust by direct extraction of the heat and its conversion into power. But power can also be obtained by utilising the differences in temperatures.

The Frenchmen's method, shown on a small scale, was that cold water drawn into a vacuum vessel surrounded by warmer water would boil and steam. The principle is known in making liquid oxygen. The Frenchmen applied the process to convert the steam into power.

Something More Than a Toy

On a very small scale this machine was shown to be possible, but the device was regarded by most who examined it as a toy. The inventors have now advanced it a stage farther by installing a small plant at Liége which drives a 50-kilowatt turbine. This amount of power is derived from a difference in temperature of two supplies of water which amounts to only 64 degrees.

At present we must still suppose that the utilisation of what scientific men call the temperature gradient of the sea may present difficulties no less great than those of utilising the latent power of the tides. On a small scale it is feasible. On a large scale the machinery has yet to be installed.

But the inventors have shown that the problem may be solved.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Colchester is giving up trams for motor-buses.

Over 500 seals have been destroyed in the Wash near Boston in two years.

Over 70,000 people visited Madame Tussaud's in the first week of its re-opening.

In the London Guildhall Library the other day only four of the 424 volumes issued were fiction.

Shakespeare's birthplace and Anne Hathaway's cottage are to be open on Sunday afternoons during the summer.

Bath's Books

Bath has had a Book Week, arranged by the municipality, with an exhibition to show the evolution of a book.

London's New Houses

In the past nine years the L.C.C. has built 21,000 houses for the workers, besides 1400 tenements in blocks.

Scouts, Guides, and Law

A Scottish investigation committee has given its opinion that the Scout and Guide movements have greatly reduced juvenile crime.

Women Police

A rather unexpected result of the British Military Occupation of the Rhineland has been the development of women police in Germany.

£5000 for Boy Scouts

The New South Wales Government has made a grant of £5000 to the Boy Scouts. The money will be used to develop a large area of land as a camp.

A Dangerous Drive

Lord Nunburnholme has been fined £10 for driving a mile a minute on the Great West Road, "making a noise like an aeroplane."

The Way Trade Goes

It is the opinion of retail traders that the motor-car, gramophone, photography, and electrical trades will probably prosper for some time at the expense of the dress goods, jewellery, and decorative trades.

BIRD FRIENDS

Yorkshire Robin and Kentish Chaffinch

THE SINGING SISKIN AND HIS CAGE

The time for stories of birds has come, as their family life begins afresh. Here are three, with robins, chaffinches, and a siskin as leading characters.

The children of the Eldwich Sanatorium, near Bingley, Yorkshire, send us a prettily-written letter about their school robins. The windows being wide open, as schoolroom windows should be, in came a robin and watched the children at work for three days. Then a pair came and decided to build their nest on some books in a bookcase. The children, when they wrote, had seen the nest built, eggs laid, and the mother bird hatching them. The father bird sings loudly, especially when the children sing. The birds are so trustful now that they are not disturbed if a child fetches a book from the bookcase.

A Kent reader tells how a chaffinch has for three years been a friend of the family and leader of the birds that come to be fed. It builds its nest in the garden and always brings the young birds to be inspected.

Singing to Wire'ess Music

Whichever room the family are in it finds them and taps on the window if feeding-time is delayed. Other birds wait about till its call is answered at meal-times. When it is spoken to by those it knows it answers back. It sits on the window-sill nearest the wireless and sings to the music. But though the bird is so tame and friendly with the family it knows if strangers are near and becomes wary and distrustful.

In a London suburban house a siskin has been a pet for years. But as a nine-year-old son of the family was cleaning out his cage Joey flew out of it and perched on an apple tree. Though he was called and answered in his usual way he did not return, and everyone was saddened by his loss.

However, the cage was hung on its usual hook on the verandah, but between Saturday and Tuesday morning nothing more was heard of him. Then, however, he answered from the garden when he was called, but afterwards went away.

At tea-time he was back and calling again, and finally went into his cage of his own accord. He was always a fine singer, but since his voluntary return has sung more than ever, and clearly prefers his old life with friends and safety to the joy of freedom.

LADY KINDNESS

A Fairy Tale Come True

Cinderella's fairy godmother is always turning up in unexpected places, transforming misery into happiness. In everyday life her name is Lady Kindness.

Once upon a time, not many years ago, a little homeless London girl was living in a Poor Law institution until she should be old enough to go out into the world and work for her bread and butter. But one day a colonel and his wife came and took her away to live with them as their adopted daughter and to share their beautiful home.

Now that she is 21 she has an income of nearly £600 a year, which was left to her by the colonel's wife. She is so happy that lately she and the colonel asked the Lewisham Guardians to allow her 14-year-old sister to leave her convent school and come and join her. Permission has been granted, and the little girl will be given the same advantages of education as her sister, and will also be well provided for. So another little Cinderella is having her world transformed by kindness.

We hope these lucky sisters may have many more happy chapters in their fairy story of real life.

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THE FALLING ELM

WHY ITS BRANCHES SNAP AND CRASH

The Insect Tunnelling Beneath the Bark of a Lovely Tree

A GIFT OF THE ROMANS

The papers have recorded the fact that a forty-feet branch of an elm tree snapped and fell almost on the heads of people in Hyde Park.

But elm branches fall all over the country without such record, and we do well not to shelter beneath one of these trees if its limbs appear in the least withered. They may snap and crash without a moment's warning.

Woodmen explain the calamity as the result of rain penetrating the rough, split bark, and setting up a rot which eats into the wood unseen, and so prepares the way for disaster in a wind or, as in the Hyde Park case, even without a wind. But there is an insect that haunts and tunnels beneath the bark of elms, and that may well be the cause of the rotting, introducing destructive moisture from without and itself hastening decay from within.

The Legend of the Upas Tree

Elms need constant supervision or their unsuspected weakness may cause the death of those who seek their shade. The "deadly upas tree" of Java was for centuries fabled to do this; sometimes the elm actually does it, but differently. The upas tree was alleged to exhale so poisonous a breath as to suffocate sleepers within its shade, to strike birds dead as they flew, to slay all living things that came within ten miles of its influence.

That legend coloured literature for centuries, and only recently has the explanation been forthcoming. Death does descend upon those who rest near the tree, but the deadly agent is a highly-poisonous gas which issues from the earth fissured by subterranean volcanic action. The victim, human or animal, dies "gassed," but not by the upas tree.

Antiquity of the Elm

Our elm may be as fatal when a weakened bough plunges down upon an unprotected head, but the tree has fine qualities as well as ill, and has been in England for 2000 years, the gift of the Romans. It forms many a noble avenue and crowns many a gracious landscape with the poetry of form and the beauty of its cloud of green. Mariners swore by elm keels when our sea bulwarks were hearts of oak, and oarsmen today still insist on elm for their boats.

So general and well established is the tree with us that some writers claim the elm as a native of these islands. That cannot be. Except a few conifers, practically none of our trees are really natives. We have had Ice Ages in Britain, and the record of the rocks tells a tale of a rich and widespread vegetation completely blotted out by the ice-cap. Down below, where the old forests did not become changed into coal, we find them transformed into stone.

After the Ice Ages

Above them lie their successors, the Arctic willow and the birch, tiny trees only a few inches high. Our land has more than once been reduced to conditions resembling those of present-day Greenland, and all great vegetation was banished, to return, with the coming of warmth, across the land-bridges which connected us with Europe.

The elm was not here in those days. It was in warmer lands, learning how to discard diseased boughs and save itself alive. A frightened crab, a captured lizard, casts off its claws or tail; the elm casts off its stricken arms. So we must always avoid an elm upon whose branches decay has made its mark.

A NEW MIRACLE IN EGYPT

Unlimited Water Power From the Libyan Desert

Egypt, that land of ancient miracles, is to furnish a new miracle, it would seem, more wonderful than all.

Electric power, rivalling that of Niagara, is to be produced in the midst of the Libyan Desert!

The essential thing for the production of this electric power is a volume of falling water. What does Libya know of falling water? In mountainous countries it is intercepted in its progress to the sea. In Egypt it is to be intercepted in its progress *from* the sea.

A British officer on motor-cycle patrol among the Senussi tribes found a huge depression in the desert two-thirds the size of Belgium, reaching levels from 120 to 350 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. What could be simpler than to convey the Mediterranean in pipes to this depression, and so secure a volume of falling water as great as might be desired?

A Conduit 100 Miles Long

That actually is the scheme set out in a report to the Egyptian Government by Dr. Ball, Director of Desert Surveys. A conduit 100 miles long will be required for the water, and, of course, hundreds of miles of cable for the distribution of the electric power. The whole scheme will cost 15 million pounds, but it will produce 300,000 horse-power, giving an annual revenue of two million pounds, double the annual cost of working and running all the railways and lighting all the towns of Egypt, at a halfpenny a kilowatt.

But what will happen, it will be asked, when this depression has been filled? The reply is, apparently, that it will never be filled, for the water will disappear by evaporation from the lake at its base as fast as it arrives, and the miracle will be worked as it falls.

THE FISH DOCTOR

News From an Aquarium

Can one doctor fishes that are indisposed? Who would think of doing so?

Well, there is an official of the New York Aquarium, Miss Ida Mellon, who takes this matter seriously, and she is a capable fish doctor and fish nurse.

Two goldfish, apparently dying, were recently saved by her quick and skilful attention. She was obliged to operate on the eye of one, and she dosed the other with castor oil. Miss Mellon has a big light workshop at the top of the Aquarium, where she is surrounded by all sorts of jars and globes containing languid fishes, ailing turtles, and kindred invalids "all basking," we are assured by somebody who has seen it, "in the warmth of her capable nursing."

Fishes and Castor Oil

Miss Mellon thinks nothing of tackling the eyes of blind fish with boric acid solution; and the other day she boldly immersed several hundred dollars' worth of sick goldfish in a bucket of kerosene, and thus cured them of a skin trouble which was slowly killing them.

There was a deadly salt-water parasite that was killing valuable salt-water fish all over the waters. This Miss Mellon routed, and the parasite has now been named in her honour. Fishes do not like taking castor oil any more than you do; in fact, they are very cunning about it, and will hold it in their mouths for five minutes, hoping to get back into the water and eject it. But with a wet rag bound round his gills Master Fish cannot do that; and he swallows it in spite of himself, and feels better.

It is sad to hear that captured penguins always suffer from bronchitis, and that it is usually fatal. But Doctor Mellon saved one penguin which came under her care last winter. He was given cough mixture and sniffed benzoin fumes, and he rapidly improved.

BIRMINGHAM KEEPS ITS WORD

One More Step Forward

THE FIRST CHILDREN'S COURT

A year or so ago the C.N. recorded the passing of a noble man, Mr. Courtenay Lord, the magistrate who founded the first Children's Court at Birmingham in 1905, and so began a great change in the treatment of children who had offended the law.

The pioneer work which Mr. Lord and his friends did at Birmingham became a model for the rest of the country, and it is now compulsory that Children's Courts shall be held in a room apart from the influence of the ordinary police courts.

But Birmingham, whose civic motto is Forward, has not been content to rest on its oars in this matter. Mr. Lord has passed, but his spirit and the movement he began lives on, and is responsible now for the erection of the first separate and independent Children's Court in England.

It is a handsome building, with an arcaded cloister and courtyard leading to the court, and waiting-rooms for the boys and girls who are to be brought before the magistrates.

All this seems natural and sensible in these enlightened days, and we can only look back with horror to the time, less than a hundred years ago, when a boy was hanged at Maidstone or when a boy of nine was sentenced to death at the Old Bailey for stealing twopennyworth of paints.

The new Children's Court at Birmingham is being built by Mr. and Mrs. Barrow Cadbury, and is yet another of the many reasons Birmingham has to bless this famous name.

APPRECIATION DAY

A North London reader tells how the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of Broomfield Park in Southgate has been marked by an Appreciation Day, when many people specially visited the park to testify their delight in it and their appreciation of those who preserve it constantly as a place of beauty.

He suggests that such a day might well be similarly observed in many places. True, no doubt; but we suggest that the best approbation of our innumerable parks may be shown by constant visits to all local homes of natural beauty, at all seasons of the year, so that the whole round of the year's pageant may be watched and noted.

We know some lovers of London parks who make a point of including them in their daily walk whenever the weather is favourable, and who count that part of the day as one of their choicest pleasures.

ANOTHER BAD THING GONE

The Pembrokeshire Hunt has been abandoned because there are no more foxes there to hunt.

Pembrokeshire has been a famous hunting county for centuries, but it is rather out of the way for the New Rich, and the old rich are too few to keep things going. Earnest appeals have been made for subscriptions to restock the coverts with foxes and to put down trapping, but all in vain.

There is less and less love of cruel pastimes in this country, and it is good to know that one more Hunt is gone. Our descendants will wonder if we were mad to spend money in this way to keep up the supply of the vermin which destroy our food. We are glad to see that the Pembrokeshire farmers are paying 15s. a head for the bodies of destroyed foxes; and they reported with satisfaction at a recent meeting that 30 full-grown foxes and 20 cubs had been destroyed during the year.

JEWELS OF THE NORTHERN CROWN

SEVEN FAMOUS STARS

Light That Takes 251 Years to Reach the Earth

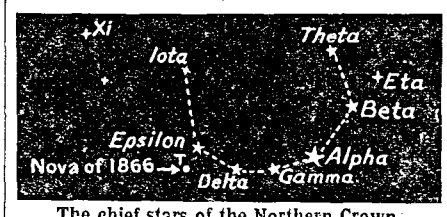
GREEN AND LILAC SUNS

By the C.N. Astronomer

The famous seven stars of Corona Borealis (or the Northern Crown) are now a striking feature of the evening sky, the semi-circle formed by these stars being due south and almost overhead about 11 o'clock. They will be readily recognised with the help of our star map.

This constellation symbolises Ariadne's Crown, which, according to old Greek legendary lore, was given her by Bacchus. In addition to the seven stars forming the obvious crown there are some faint outlying stars included in the constellation; some of them are of very great interest.

Alpha, also known as Alphecca, is the brightest, being of third magnitude. This star is an immense sun radiating about forty times as much light as ours.



The chief stars of the Northern Crown

It is 3,800,000 times as far away, and its light takes about 60 years to reach us.

To the left of Alpha is Gamma, a far more interesting star because it is composed of two suns, a greenish one of fourth magnitude and a lilac one of seventh magnitude. They can only be seen as separate suns in powerful telescopes, for they appear but three-quarters of a second of arc apart, yet at the terrific distance that they are away this amounts to no less than 3,070,000,000 miles.

The light from these suns of Gamma has been 148 years reaching us, according to the latest calculations, so they must be about 9,398,000 times as far away as our Sun. Though appearing so small, these suns are actually much larger than our Sun; together they are five times as massive. They take nearly 88 years to revolve round some central point between them—four years longer than Uranus takes to go round the Sun.

Delta, the next and somewhat fainter star, is much farther off. Trigonometrical measurements indicate that it is about 16 million times as far away as the Sun, and that its light takes 251 years to cross this vast span of space to our world.

A Star Blazes Up

Epsilon is at about the same distance as Gamma, 148 light-years away. It is of interest chiefly because, in 1866, below Epsilon, at about twice the Moon's apparent width away, a star of between the ninth and tenth magnitude blazed up to second magnitude.

It is known as T in Corona Borealis. This colossal outburst, in which the light and heat increased some hundreds of thousands of times, was somewhat similar to the recently-observed outburst of Nova Pictoris, except that it declined much more rapidly. In a fortnight it dropped to almost its original magnitude and has since been fluctuating as an irregular variable star.

Beta in Corona Borealis is an immense sun, larger than ours, and nearly 13 million times as far away, its light taking 204 years to reach us.

Eta, the faint star above Beta, is much the nearest of all the Crown's stellar jewels. It is composed of two suns, 2½ million times as far off as our Sun, their light taking 38¾ years to get here. They revolve round a common centre once in 42 years. G. F. M.

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MOROCCO HOUSE

A Great Adventure of Long Ago

Told by Mary Carruthers

CHAPTER 19

Lilias Takes Charge

LILIAS was walking in the neglected rose garden of Groat Hall, her old nurse leaning on her arm.

She and her father had fought down the plague in their house in Riddell's Close. When Mariotte was strong enough to bear the removal they had gone, with a very small following, to their mansion at Craigleith, to be in pure country air and yet near enough to the plague-stricken city for Sir John Smith to fulfil his civic duties.

Lilias was well, and so was her father; both of them had escaped the Pest. They had great cause for thankfulness. All the same, Lilias looked despondent, and she walked with a listless step.

Now that the strain of nursing Mariotte was over she was missing Egidia sorely, and at every turn.

Colour, warmth, romance, the two high-born cousins had always brought the burgher cousin. The hint of steel, the glint of fire hidden beneath her still, soft manner, answered to the fierce ardour of the Greys, grew stronger in their company; diverse as she seemed to them, the three were akin.

With Egidia by her side Alexander could never be forgotten. Without the turbulent and gay companionship of her beautiful foster-sister, deep as was the love that Lilias bore to her own father, life was drab indeed.

Levin, the old deerhound, pacing behind the pair, uttered a low growl of warning. There was a rustle in the sweetbriar bushes that overtopped the garden wall; they parted, disclosing the figure of a man kneeling on the coping-stone, clad in an out-of-elbows suit of French cloth such as merchants wore in those days.

"Mistress Lilias, hist, a moment!" said he.

Lilias, looking at him, recognised him to be David Fletcher, whom she had last seen sitting on the Debtor's Stone by the City Cross, clad in the yellow and brown motley of the bankrupt's garb, a little tradesman who had fled from the claims of his creditors two years ago.

"I have a message for you from your cousin, Egidia Grey," said he.

News of the wanderer was scarce and hard to come by; Lilias spoke eagerly: "Is she well, and where is she now?"

"When I saw her this morning she bloomed in health and beauty," he replied. "She is dwelling in a bower in the King's Park for fear of the Plague. I am in sanctuary myself near the Abbey because of my debts, but three miles I walk every day through the wilderness, just to catch a glimpse of her sitting at her bower door singing to her lute. And today she called me to her and asked me if I would take a message to you; whether you were at Riddell's Close or at Craigleith. 'You need not fear to go,' she said, 'and leave the Sanctuary. You can pass the Girth Cross in safety. Neither the Town Guard nor your creditors will seize you: the most of them are dead, I trow.' It was truth she spoke; when I came down the Canongate it was empty; no smoke in the chimneys and grass growing round the Market Cross."

"What was the message my cousin sent?" asked Lilias.

"She wished me to tell you," said he, "that every day of her sojourn in the wilderness her betrothed, Sir George Dallas, has ridden in from Edinburgh to bring her food and keep her company. But the last two days he has neither come himself nor sent a message. She lacks not for provision but she longs to hear what has hindered him. So she begs you to inquire at his mother's house and to let her know, and to bring the tidings yourself, for she is wearying to see you again."

"I will come," said Lilias, kindling into life and action. "No, Mariotte, do not gainsay me; I am as like to catch the infection in Craigleith as in Edinburgh. Egidia wants me and I must not fail her. I shall ride into the town with Andrew and her messenger, after Janet has refreshed him with food and wine. We shall be back before my father is home from the Council."

Before long the three were riding along the Queensferry way; up to Edinburgh they pressed, passing through streets as forsaken as little Fletcher had described them—chimneys without smoke, causeways without folk. As they neared the head of the wynd where Sir George dwelt with his mother the unnatural stillness was broken by the thin and insistent clamour of a bell. It grew louder as they turned the corner.

Down the narrow street came the mournful procession. The Bailie of the Moor, the Cleansers and the Bearers, all dressed in grey gowns with a white St. Andrew's Cross on the back and bosom, each carrying a staff with a white cloth so as to be known as they passed. In their midst was the close bier draped with a black cloth with a white St. Andrew's Cross upon it and a bell swinging at its side to give warning to the people.

"They are halting, laying down the bier at the door of Sir George Dallas," said Andrew. "The funeral hatchments are hanging from his windows. Bide where you are, Mistress Lilias; I will make further inquiry. Keep up your heart for your cousin; it may be but the old mother who is taken."

But with a heavy countenance he rejoined them, saying, "The Plague hath snatched away not only the old mother, with one foot in the grave already, but the strong son, with all his life to be lived before him."

"Woe's me for Egidia! How can I tell her? There is no luck about my mother's house," said Lilias, letting the reins slip from her hands; then, stiffening with a fresh fear, "He was with her not three days ago: the sickness may be on her now. Alas and alas! I had but the two of them. Is she to be reft from me as well, and by the death she abhorred most?"

"Lady, your cousin was fresh as a damask rose when I saw her in the morning," protested David Fletcher.

"Hold up, Mistress Lilias; it is not like you to give way," said the old servant. "Will you turn home or to Holyrood?"

"Oh, to Holyrood as quickly as we may!" said she.

In a transport of affection Egidia received her foster-sister.

"Oh, Lilias, I knew you would come when I sent for you. Fain, fain, I am to see your wee white face. Come in!"

She drew her inside the hut.

"Did you go to George?" she demanded.

The terrible news trembled on Lilias's lips, and could not be told.

"His mother has been ill; and he is with her," she faltered.

"If George does not visit me in this wilderness I cannot remain here longer, alone with the sheep and the corbies," said Egidia peevishly. "I am weary of this place; I want home. And the worst of it is that the Bailie of the Abbey is bringing all the plague-stricken poor in the town to live in little huts round Arthur's Seat, poisoning the King's Park and the pure air of the Sanctuary. I would be safer in Craigleith, I believe, and happier and haler by far."

"But, Egidia, I have never seen you looking better," protested Lilias.

"I have never felt better," the other answered. "Only, the one thing that ails me is that an early wasp has stung me on the throat and under the arm, such sore places." She drew down her bodice and showed the two angry swellings.

"Two rankling stings indeed, but I will poultice them," said Lilias through tightened lips, as she rose to put a pot of water on the fire. "That should bring them ease. But it would be better, and less lonesome for you, if you came back with me to Groat Hall."

"That is where I fain would be," said Egidia, weakening all at once, laying her haughty head on Lilias's shoulder as if she found both comfort and protection there.

"Two days ago it gripped me, the sickness for home, the kindness, the comfort of it, and Cousin John a tower of strength. I was starving when he took me in, though I was too proud to let him know, a hungry, angry thing in my teens, all unsheathed claws like a young kitten, with my hand against every man. And the home he gave me with you was like Paradise. I want to go back to it now!" she cried in a weeping voice like a child's.

"So you shall," promised Lilias. "Bide here and watch the pot boiling while I send Andrew to Groat Hall to bid them prepare for you."

Quickly Lilias slipped out; beckoning Andrew out of earshot of the cabin, she charged him with the message.

"Go to my father in the town. He will still be in the council-chamber. Tell him what has happened. Say that my cousin hath the tokens of the Plague upon her though she knows it not, and need never know it. She is craving to come home. Tether up my horse. I shall bide here with her till my father sends a litter for her from the town."

Lilias turned back to the bower, her fair face set in fighting lines. The worst stroke was falling, but her courage braced herself to meet it.

They had saved Mariotte, old and spent—why not Egidia?

CHAPTER 20

The Blue Crescent

PETER PATON, the harbourmaster of Leith, was on the top of the ancient signal-tower in the Tolbooth Wynd, looking out to sea through one of the small portholes, when he called to an old mariner who was keeping him company.

"Jamie, come here and look out! Two fine vessels are bearing up the Forth."

"A sight for sore eyes," grumbled the old salt, as he obeyed the call.

"The sea is as dead as the land is, these awful days. The shipping all rotting in the wharfs; the Firth as bare of boats as Edinburgh streets are bare of people; the tolbooths emptied, the hirelings banished, most of the folk dead or dying, and the rest fled. Master Paton, those two ships are armed, and there is something very strange in the rig of them. I do not like their look."

Both men stood staring intently at the approaching vessels.

"Galleasses the pair of them, square-rigged, high bulwarked, of five hundred tons, and mounting twenty guns apiece," said Paton. "The sunlight has caught their ensign, but I do not know the device, red and white with a blue crescent."

"I do, though, to my cost," said Jamie. "In the January of 1637 I was sailing in the John of Leith to La Rochelle, and three vessels gave chase to us from dawn to dusk, seized the crew and the cargo and scuttled our ship. We were sold into slavery, only to be set free when the kindly folk of the East Lothians held a levy for our ransom. Well, the three Turkish ships that captured us carried the red and white ensign with the Blue Crescent. It is the flag of the Barbary Corsairs."

"But these are sailing ships," objected the harbourmaster. "I thought the pirates lippened (trusted) to their galleys, and their oars alone."

"The Dutch regenade hath been building them square-sailed ships, so I hear," said Jamie. "Sails only need the wind to fill them, not gruel and biscuits like galley-slaves. They have hunted their own southern waters pretty bare by now, and have a mind to try the northern ones."

There was a pause.

"Smaller craft are following in their wake," said the harbourmaster.

"Caravels, a baker's dozen of them," said Jamie, counting. "Swift sailing—drawing little water, such as the Sallee Rovers use! Look! the whole fleet is clewing up its sails; they are all riding at anchor in the Roads."

"What are the ill birds waiting for, think you?" asked Paton.

"Plunder, what else?" returned the other. "They have scented out the desperate pass in which we are and are waiting the right moment to strike. Let them come; I care not. They will carry away something else from us as well as our gold and gear."

"I must away down and tell the Admiral of the Port, so that he may send a warning to Edinburgh," said the harbourmaster. "That is all we can do."

"And that is little enough," returned Jamie. "What use is it warning the City when there are barely sixty hale men left to man the walls?"

. . . .

When the tide was high, and under cloak of night, the pirate ships drew into the pier and landed strong armed bands, which took possession of the little town of Leith in the broken-down walls built by Mary of Guise, meeting little if any resistance and shedding no blood.

Daylight found the white-robed turbaned corsairs swarming in the wharfs, marching through the narrow streets, past the Weigh-house, down the Tolbooth Wynd, through the arched arcades of the Kirkgate, converging all at last before the ancient block of buildings named The King's Work, calling on its owner, Bernard Lindsay, Bailie-Admiral of the port of Leith, to come forth and treat with them.

Speaking fluent though broken English, one of the two captains of the galleasses assured the Admiral that the quarrel of the Corsairs was not with their port, but with the proud merchants of Edinburgh who oppressed the poor mariners and traffickers of Leith, and robbed them of their harbour dues.

TO BE CONTINUED



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to meet her jolly

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Five-Minute Story

The Queen Calls

This is a true little story of Charlotte, the Queen of George the Third. Her portrait hangs in the common-room of Queen's College, Oxford, bearing a striking resemblance to her great-grand-daughter Queen Mary.

ONE day in the eighteenth century a chaise with gaily-dressed outriders drove through the streets of Windsor.

It halted with a flourish of trumpets, and the Queen was handed down.

Leaving a little Princess still seated in the carriage, and attended by her ladies-in-waiting, she stepped on the threshold of her old friend Mrs. Delany.

In her hand the royal lady held a pocket-book with a hundred and fifty pounds inside, being half of the yearly allowance which the kind-hearted Queen made her favourite, bringing it in person so as to avoid taxes being paid upon it.

Mrs. Astley, the maid, opened the door and received her, curtseying low to the ground. Her eyes were swollen with weeping.

"O, your Majesty! my mistress is better. She has come out of the fever, though very, very weak. But the bird that she cherished so is dead, and we do not know how we shall break the news to her when she is well enough to ask for it.

"A few weeks ago, when her great friend the Duchess died and Mrs. Delany was leaving the castle heartbroken, the Duke of Portland ran after her and asked her to choose what she liked best out of his mother's possessions. My mistress chose the Duchess's favourite bird. To think that she will find it has perished in her illness!

"It is impossible to replace it," Mrs. Astley went on. "It is a bird of great rarity, and weaves a nest like a bottle hanging from a bough. There is not its like to be bought in the whole of Soho."

"We heard the bird was ailing and came prepared," said the Queen. "There is another like it in the aviary at our palace. We have brought it here today."

She beckoned to a lady-in-waiting, who brought in little Princess Mary, hugging in her arms a cage with another precious weaver bird inside.

"Bring the Duchess's cage and put my bird in," said the Queen.

Fluttering, the little captive passed from one door to the other.

"But, your Majesty, my mistress will know the difference," protested the maid. "The royal bird's plumes are velvety black and orange where the dead one's were scarlet."

"The light in the sickroom will be dim," said the Queen, "and our good friend's sight has failed with her long years. The cage must not be placed too close to her bed. When she has come to love the newcomer for his own sake, and be cheered by the sight of him, she will forgive her affectionate Queen the deception."

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To Climb Steep Hills Requires Slow Pace at First

THE BRAN TUB

A Star Puzzle

To solve this puzzle each star must be replaced by a letter so that, by reading forward and backward on the top and bottom lines, upward and downward in the first and last columns, and diagonally from each corner, the same word can be seen in each case.

* * * * *
* * * *
* * *
* * * *
* * * * *

The five-letter word consists of three different letters. *Answer next week*

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Waterbuck

The Waterbuck is an antelope which is found in South and East Africa. It has a greyish-brown coat, its muzzle being white, and is about four feet high at the shoulders. Moving about in herds which seldom exceed twenty, the Waterbuck prefers swampy plains, although it is quite at home on steep and rocky hillsides, from which, when pursued, it always runs at great speed toward a river. The male has a fine pair of horns which often exceed thirty inches in length.

What Am I?

You'll see me in shallow but not in deep,
You'll see me in waking but not in sleep,
You'll see me in satin but not in silk,
You'll see me in water but not in milk,
You'll see me in lorry but not in van,
You'll see me in people but not in clan,
You'll see me in willow but not in pine,
You'll see me in sparkle but not in shine,
You'll see me in barrow but not in stall,
Whole, I am played with a very large ball. *Answer next week*

How Wellingtons Got Their Name

Wellingtons are riding boots with high legs reaching to the bend of the knee at the back, but covering the knee in front. They were named after the Duke of Wellington, who is said to have introduced them in the British Army in place of jack-boots.

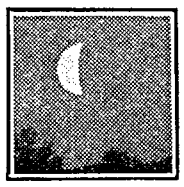
Changeling

N	O	S	E
F	A	C	E



Change the word Nose into Face with five intervening links, altering one letter at a time and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you. *Answer next week*

Other Worlds Next Week



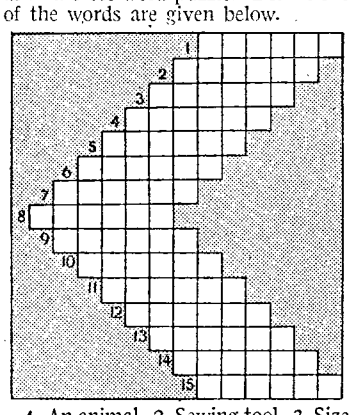
Mars and Jupiter will be seen in the East in the morning and in the evening Mercury will be seen in the North-West and Saturn in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as seen looking South at eight a.m. on June 12.

Is Your Name Pollard?

Pollard was the name given to a stag that had lost its horns, and probably as a surname it had its origin in a nickname given to some ancestor of those bearing the surname today.

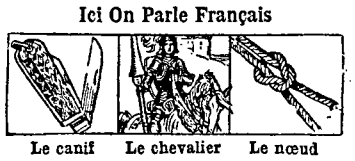
A Word-Wedge Puzzle

Letters have to be placed in the squares which make words reading from left to right. The second word starts with the last two letters of the first word and the third word with the last two letters of the second, and so on to the end of the puzzle. We start and finish with the names of animals. The words do *not* read down as in a cross word puzzle. Definitions of the words are given below.



1. An animal. 2. Sewing tool. 3. Size from end to end. 4. A bird. 5. To put aside. 6. Troublesome animals. 7. Within. 8. To hate. 9. Stiffens collars. 10. Select, extra good. 11. Light red colour. 12. To alight. 13. Heavy. 14. To put on clothes. 15. An animal. *Answer next week*

Ici On Parle Français



Le canif **Le chevalier** **Le nœud**

Voici un beau canif à deux lames.
Le chevalier part pour la guerre.
Un nœud sert à lier deux cordes.

Next Week's Nature Calendar

Young jackdaws, redstarts, and swallows are fledged. The young spotted flycatchers and second broods of redbreasts are hatched. The silver-Y, pink underwing, and small elephant hawk moths are seen. The small blue butterfly is on the wing. The large brown dragon-fly is seen. The butterfly orchis, mulberry, yellow iris, black bryony, dwarf and common mallows, thyme, corn blue-bottle, lesser spearwort, yellow vetchling, small bugloss, woody nightshade, frogbit, lady's fingers, meadow rue, melilot, black knapweed, and henbane are in flower.

Black and White Jigsaw



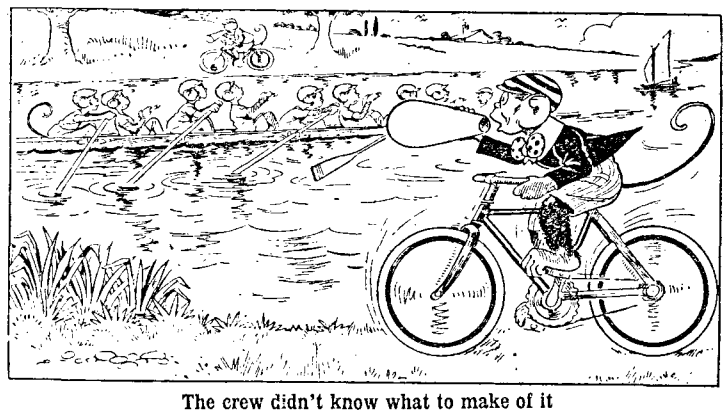
Cut out or trace very carefully these shapes and then rearrange them so as to form a dragon-fly. The figure will be white on a dark background. *Answer next week*

Jacko Up to Mischief

Jacko generally spent a great deal of his time on the river bank. He was off there like a shot one fine afternoon when he was feeling rather dull.

There was certainly quite a lot happening on the river. A good many people were out in small boats, and every now and then a big steamer went by. Jacko found it all very exciting.

It would have been even more exciting if he had been able to hire a boat himself, but as usual he had spent all his pocket-money. So he had to content himself with sitting on a log and throwing stones into the water.



The crew didn't know what to make of it

But he didn't do that for long. Suddenly there was an angry roar, and a fisherman poked his head round from behind a willow.

"You're frightening all the fish away!" he said. "Stop it at once!" And he looked so threatening that Jacko actually did stop, and moved on farther up the river to make himself a nuisance to somebody else.

His next victim was his brother Adolphus, who went past in a fine motor-boat. He was much too grand to take any notice of Jacko, but of course the young rascal didn't leave him alone. He let out some fearful catcalls, and made poor Adolphus feel very small in front of his smart friends.

"Be quiet, you young idiot!" he said, his face as red as a turkey cock's.

When Adolphus was out of sight something even more exciting happened. Jacko turned a corner and saw a fine long racing-boat coming down the river. It had eight oarsmen, and they were apparently training for some race, for an instructor was following them along the bank on a bicycle, shouting directions through a megaphone.

He was on the other side of the river, but Jacko could hear what he said quite well. Suddenly he grinned from ear to ear. The next minute he was tearing along the bank and making for home as fast as he could go.

It didn't take long to come back—on a bicycle. And it hadn't taken long to make a fine megaphone—of cardboard. The racing crew didn't know what to make of it when they heard directions being shouted at them from the other bank as well.

Jacko was enjoying himself. He listened to what the real instructor called out and then shouted exactly the opposite through his own megaphone. Each man in the boat did something different, and one of the crew actually caught a crab!

Of course the instructor was furious. He knew what was happening, but of course he couldn't get at Jacko, for the whole river was between them. And he went crazy mad when, in the confusion, the racing skiff ran on to an island and stuck there!

Jacko laughed so much that he fell off his bicycle, megaphone and all. What is more, he rolled into the river and had a good wetting. But he thought it was well worth it.

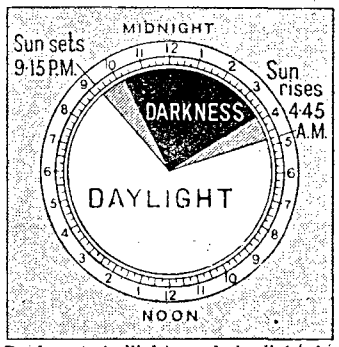
Acrostic Puzzle

Can you fill in the vacant spaces in this acrostic puzzle? The initials and finals each form the name of a musical wind instrument. The clues to the words reading across are given below.

1. — H — — —
2. — E — — — — A
3. — — — N — —
4. M — R — — — —
5. — — — S — O
6. E — — —
7. — — I — — E — —

1. Accentuated heart beat. 2. Symbols of royalty. 3. A planet. 4. A peer. 5. Conjuror's pass word. 6. The double of a sound. 7. Some say this is unlucky. *Answer next week*

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

Dr MERRYMAN

The Reason Why

Papa, mushrooms grow in damp places, don't they?

Yes, my child.

I suppose that is the reason they are made like umbrellas, isn't it?

Lost Property

The Professor returned home feeling very pleased with himself. Greeting his wife he said, "Ah, my dear, I went to the lost property office and got that umbrella I left in the train last week."

"Splendid!" said his wife. "Where is it now?"

"Pardon?" queried the Professor, somewhat confused. "Er—I'm afraid I don't—that is—I must have left it in the train."

Getting On

"How old are you, my little man?" asked the visitor.

"Five," replied little Peter.

"And what are you going to be?" was the next question.

"Six," was the answer.

Granted

"What is the most destructive force of modern times?" asked the teacher.

"The laundry!" promptly replied a boy who knew.

A Tranquil Outlook



There's no tragedy hid in the sketch that you see—
Upon that you can wager your crown;
For the cat is too lazy to climb up the tree,
And the bird is afraid to come down.

A Consolation

A man having had a good beating with which he had been threatened for a long time consoled himself by the reflection:

"At least I am free of the continual fear I had of the anticipation of it."

Why is a dog's tail like the centre of a tree?

Because it is farthest from the bark.

A Scout's Thought for the Week

When Noah sailed the waters blue
He had his troubles, same as you,
For forty days he drove the Ark
Before he found a place to park.

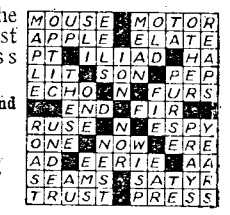
What is that which everyone can divide with a knife, but in which no one can see where it has been divided?

Water.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Cross Word Puzzle

Here is the answer to last week's cross word puzzle:



A Word Diamond

P
MID
PIPER
DEW
R

Do You Know Me? Centenarian.

Hidden Birds

Kingfisher, Robin, Nightingale, Sandpiper, Lark, Sparrow, Swallow, Peacock, Partridge, Starling, Flamingo.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

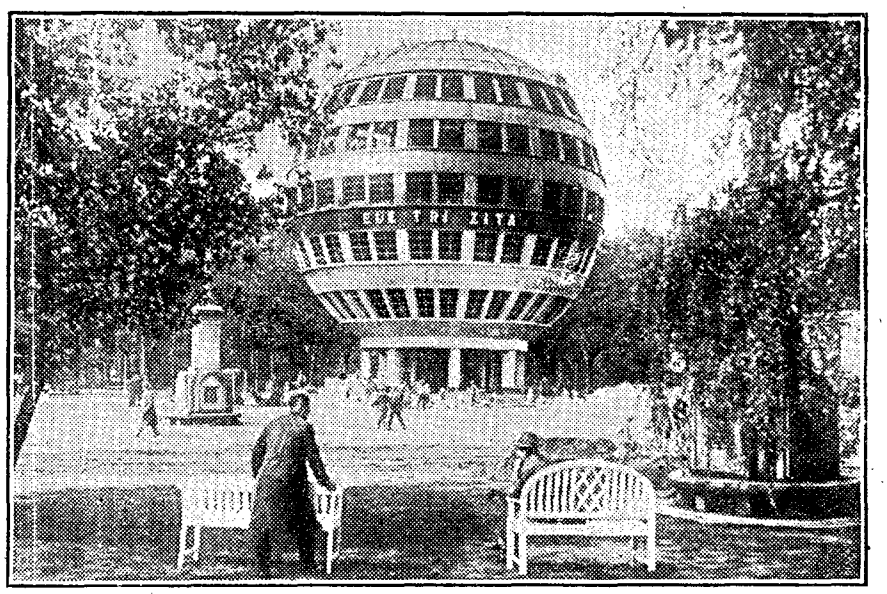
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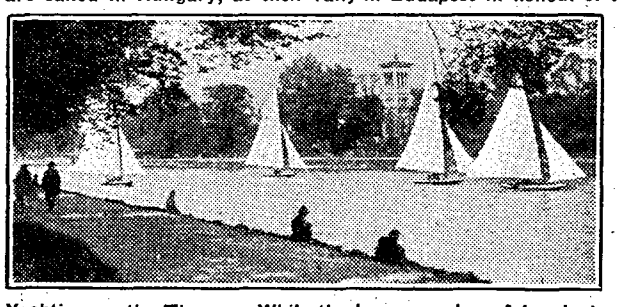
HUNGARIAN GIRL SCOUTS · DRIVING FOURTEEN HORSES · CYCLING ON WATER



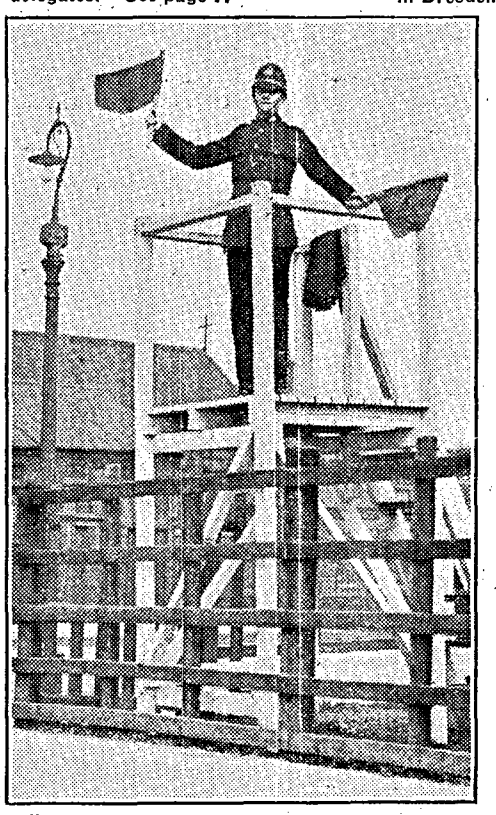
Hungarian Girl Scouts—An International Girl Guides Conference has been held at Budapest at which delegates from 28 countries met. Here we see a march-past of Girl Scouts, as the Guides are called in Hungary, at their rally in Budapest in honour of the delegates. **See page 7.**

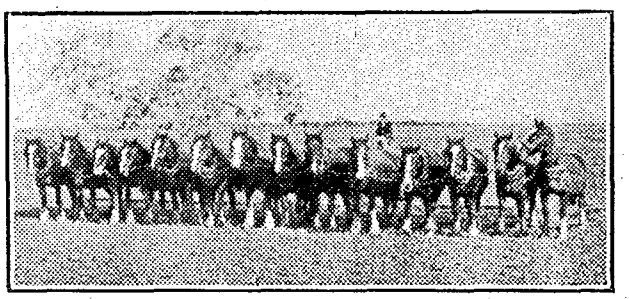


A Peep Into the Future—Fashions change in houses as in other things, as can be noticed in buildings erected since the war. This spherical building, which was seen at an exhibition in Dresden, is a German architect's idea of a house of the future.

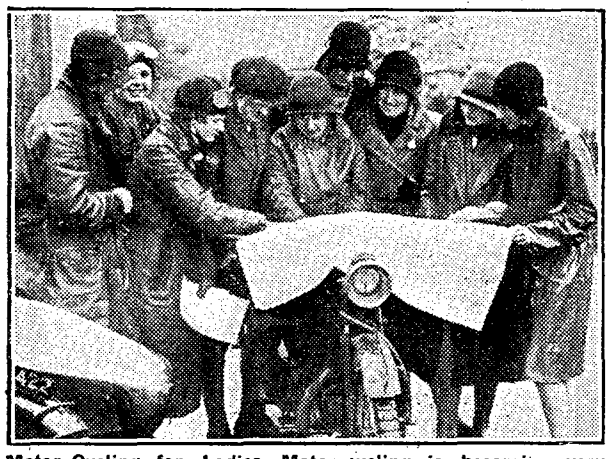


Yachting on the Thames—While the lower reaches of London's river are busy with the world's commerce, scenes like this at Surbiton are common just a few miles above the Capital.



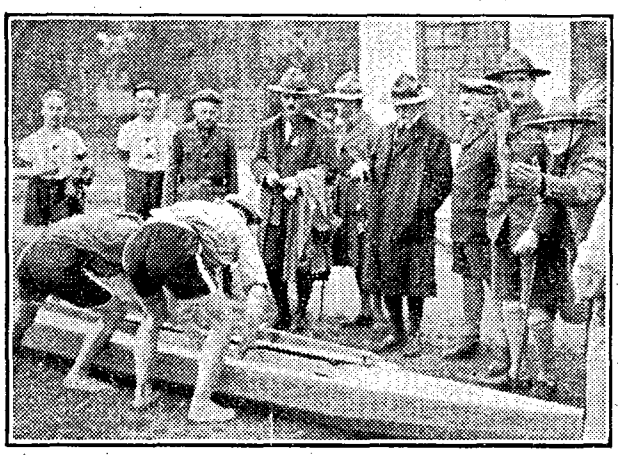


Driving Fourteen Horses—What Australia lacks in man-power is made up in efficiency. With this team of fourteen horses one man can harrow a hundred acres a day. **See page one.**



Motor-Cycling for Ladies—Motor-cycling is becoming very popular with ladies. These members of a London motor club are studying a map of the route before starting for a reliability trial.

Policeman on a Pedestal—A policeman signals with flags when traffic may pass along a section of road which is being widened at Tilbury.



Scout Boat-Builders—While visiting Hungary for the Guides Congress Sir Robert Baden-Powell saw these Sea Scouts put together a canoe from parts which they had packed in a knapsack. **See page 7.**



A Walk in the Park—Many strange pets are seen in London parks from time to time, but this silver gibbon created great interest when walking with its mistress in Hyde Park.



Cycling on Water—Whatever doubts there may be concerning the pleasure of cycling along dusty roads in summer there should be none about cycling on water with this new type of machine.



A Surprise Meeting—English boys who are fond of climbing trees are not likely to have the surprise which awaited this young Negro of California on returning to the ground.

ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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